TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I have been, and am, an earnest advocate of the viaduct, but it would be useless to endeavor to conceal or deny the weight of influence which is being brought to bear against it. It is difficult to arouse public opinion, yet last fall the apathy of the electors had been successfully disturbed and everywhere the proposed relief from the dangers and disadvantages of the Esplanade had been welcomed. The newspapers had joined hands with the Citizens' Committee and the latter was upheld by a numerous and influential organization. Everything was going nicely, expert evidence had been called in and the plans of the joint committee of the City Council, Board of Trade, Trades and Labor Council and Citizens' Association pronounced practicable and not exceedingly expensive. I advocated at this tide in the success of the campaign that the association take a hand in the election of suitable aldermen to carry the scheme into effect. I was not alone in believing that no amount of preparation and armament would be sufficient unless those who must deal directly with the railroads were of the proper sort. What matters it if you have an army capable of victory of the generals one by one capitulate to the enemy without striking a blow. The Association in its wisdom and hoping to conciliate and assist in forming the policy of the Council decided to take no hand in the elections. What is the result? Every gun of the Association is quietly spiked by the agents of the railways or the still more dangerous victims of stolid ignorance. At the meeting of the joint committee—a meeting which it took such trouble to have called—the principal resolutions were voted down seriatim by hard-scrabble aldermen elected on the old plan. The friends of the viaduct within the City Council have been bulldozed into acquiescence, the friends of the railways within the same limits have become more aggressive and the newspapers, excepting the *Telegram*, have apparently funked in the fight. It may appear to be useless for the Citizens' Association to keep up the fight, but the battle isn't yet lost. As far as the Don agreement goes the whole outfit, including Ald. Gillespie, who made protests and then weakened, seems to have gone over to the C. P. R. We regret to see such a capitulation, but there is yet something to fight for. The Esplanade has not yet been lost, though the key of the position has been given over to the railway employers of Toronto men and newspapers whose business it is to deliver this city bound hand and foot to their greedy masters. It is to be hoped that the complete surrender will not be made before another municipal election takes place. It may yet be possible to save a section of our water front from the gentlemen who think it is valueless to all except the railways. The Association, unofficially but almost unanimously, pinned its faith without hesitation to Mayor Clarke and supported his re-election and to him still it looks for aid in this crisis. His position is a difficult one, but in such tight places greatness shows its quality and capacity.

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The nomination of J. L. Hughes in Peel has aroused more than a little opposition among the members of the Toronto School Board. While it was right that notice of the doubt excited by his candidature should be served upon him at the outset, that he might not be misled into accepting a possible position with an idea that it was pleasing to his employers, yet it would be in bad taste and in opposition to the generally received idea of a man's liberty to do as he sees fit with his leisure, for the School Board to quarrel with him before he has trespassed upon the time and labor for which they pay him. That the inspector of Toronto's schools should be a strong and noisy partisan is unfortunate; it may be justly feared that it may impair his usefulness. It must be admitted, also, that the man paid liberally to look after our schools should not make his task a side-show, while devoting his main attention and so large a portion of his time that it cannot be called his leisure, to political pursuits likely to distract his attention from his legitimate work. Partisanship may already be urged but that is an old charge. The balance of possible offences may be committed in the early future, but they are as yet in the future. It is the duty of the School Board to wait until it has a real and not a prospective complaint. In the meantime Mr. Hughes will have had his taste of campaigning. If he is defeated he will return to his work poorer surely, wiser possibly, for his experiment. If he is elected public life of another sort will be opened to him and a readjustment of his affairs may follow. Give him a chance. It is the due of every elector. No public position, except a judicial one, should exclude a man from a reasonable presentation of himself to a constituency. Nor does it follow that a man cannot have head enough on him to serve his city as well as his country. If the effort is excessive or the hours clash and the man can only work at one job at a time, then he must quit one of them. But wait until the clashing comes before insisting upon having the selection made.

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Unfortunately for you, Mr. Rykert of Lincoln, if not for the country, your name has been exposed in the open air, until behold it stinketh! The saintly Grits have long turned aside and cried: "Unclean!" as you passed by. You have borne this with composure, perhaps without shame. Now, when Tories who once permitted you to associate with them, hold their nose as you approach, does it stir within you regret for your political indecencies or lead you to wonder if among civilized men your ill-gained $70,000 will procure the companionship of one respectable man who will not be ashamed to be seen in your company? Perhaps the Pharisees may still excite your cynical mirth and the scorn of tainted Tories harden your careless heart, but do these things hide your nakedness or cleanse you from political dirt? Retribution having overtaken you, is there a nerve untormented by sorrow for yourself which is capable of compassion for the unfortunate Sands? In your rage because you have been detected is there no repentance for your sins? If so resign your place in parliament and in an arctic waste of voiceless, unreproachful silence hide yourself—it will ease the nostrils of your none too sensitive countrymen.

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Did you enjoy yourself, General Middleton, while lecturing to our new Military Institute on Saturday evening? As you gazed into the bright, honest faces of the young officers before you, did it strike you that those young men were wondering how an old campaigner like yourself could have been guilty of looting Bremner's furs? As you talked of outposts, of course you thought now and then of those outposts in human character outside of which a man cannot go without being called a deserter from honor! Thinking of these things as you naturally must, when you paused for a word, as gentlemen unfamiliar with public speaking are apt to, didn't you expect—come, now, own up—to hear some of the young fellows shout out "furs!" Did you notice the curious look in some of the faces before you? Yes. I knew you did, you couldn't help it. The owners of those quizzical faces were wondering if the gray hairs and vicissitudes of life had taught you that honesty is not the best policy. Queer wasn't it how they came to think of it? With the sophistry of youth they were connecting your insignificant service with your extravagant reward, and comparing what little you had sacrificed with what some of the volunteer lads suffered simply for our country's sake. Of course the result proved that in the eyes of parliament, if not of the people, one hireling soldier is worth in praise and pelf a thousand patriots. Nor did the kindergarten of your presence and honors lack further lessons. The young gentlemen learned how an officer of small ability and still less conspicuous honor can gain and maintain a high position in the colonial service. Your visit, Sir Fred, was an instructive one, and long to be remembered, largely in connection with certain concurrent parliamentary proceedings. We hope soon to have a Canadian commander-in-chief, but in bidding you adieu, we are convinced nobody will ever make the fur fly in this country as you have done. Adieu! In the words of the outpost's song, Kathleen Mancouvering:

It may be fur years,
It may be fur ever.

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A nun alleged to have escaped from a convent has been delivering a series of more or less sensational lectures in Toronto. I am doubtful of the good done by such people. Ex-priests and ex-nuns who go about the country making money by denouncing their former friends and associates are the natural objects of suspicion. We always distrust the conspicuous and often untimely zeal of those who have renounced one religious or political body for another. The very fact that they have to say more astonishing things than those who have no antagonisms to excite them, or who do not feel called upon to create an unusual sensation, leads an unprejudiced auditor to the conclusion that the average proselyte is more apt to neglect the truth than to fail to supply sensational material. Father Chiniquy may have done a certain work assigned to him by the over-ruling Providence, but it is not work that I should care to undertake, not because I fear persecution, but that it is an ungrateful and unbeautiful task to be found railing against those in whose arms we were nursed and with whom we lived at peace for so many years. It is doubtless true that evils have crept into every church, that improprieties have resulted from the intimate relations between pastor and people in every country and in every denomination. Unless human nature be different in the Roman Catholic Church from what it is in our own, concealment could not have been brought to so perfect a science in Roman Catholicism as is suggested by the assertion that the occasional scandals we hear of are simply typical of thousands which never see the light. Unless we believe that publicity is given to only one scandal in a thousand we must confess that the priesthood is less frequently involved in those scandals which are disclosed to the public eye than Protestant clergymen are. In a dozen years of newspaper work I have endeavored mentally to keep tally between the Protestant and Catholic clergy in the matter of improper relations with women and in dishonesty in the management of church funds. The celibacy of the priest and nun are apt to lead us to believe those classes more open to temptation than the accredited preachers of Protestantism who find social safety and happiness with a wife and family. Yet such is not the result. The scandals concerning Protestant clergymen are almost invariably among those who are married and it is a fact that so far as the public are informed they are much more numerous than among Roman Catholics. It must be remembered that the Roman Catholic woman has great veneration for her priest and all thoughts of impropriety are far away from her, so far that even if the priest were not himself pure the influence of the womankind about him would almost certainly tend to preserve him from falling. Take it in our own city, the many church trials of the past and present, divide them into the denominations concerned, and we shall all be surprised at the smallness of the share in which Roman Catholics stood accused. Human nature is the same in both, the shame of unchastity is greater to the Roman Catholic worshipper than to the Protestant, for the very reason that the pedestal upon which the priest stands within his church is so much higher than the one occupied by other clergymen. The social intercourse which is denied all priests belonging to the severer orders and which is only allowed in a very limited way to secular priests does not afford opportunities and temptations such as are presented to Protestant clergymen. We know that no class of the community is so unlikely to fall into the errors of which Edith O'Gorman spoke as unmarried women of mature age—those who have gained worldly experience without the cultivation of the passions most dangerous in women. Nuns, too, are very frequently the sisters of priests; convents and monasteries are largely recruited from the same families. Are we to believe, as we must if Edith O'Gorman tells the truth, that brothers induce their sisters to enter a life in which holy vows are but the cloak of shame? Never! We must believe to a certain extent in human nature, that restraints put upon our life will have certain results. If this is not true how hopeless a task it is to endeavor to crush any earthly impulse from our being. We may believe that Catholicism is injurious in its effects, that it is not uplifting to the people, that it is narrowing and unworthy in many of its doctrines, but we should not deny nor should we take pleasure in hearing the denial made by others that in civilized society it cannot bear the fruits of those special vows which bind its devotees to celibacy, chastity and poverty. That there are countries in which these vows are disregarded cannot be denied, but they are countries in which Protestantism has not borne fruit by which we can judge its result in the same sphere and surrounded by the same circumstances. I am unalterably opposed to clericalism and to any connection between church and state but I am opposed with equal vehemence to the slandering of our neighbors that they may be dragged down or that in comparison we may appear to be lifted up.

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A couple of Mimico "boomers" endeavor to reply to strictures made in these columns two weeks ago. One of them in a column of well-displayed advertisement set forth the advantages of suburban lots and declared that "the pessimists of the past are the paupers of to-day." Under the head of "pessimists" we may include those who are urging the public to be careful before it engages in wild-cat speculation in the suburbs of Toronto. Years ago there was a speculative craze in which the pessimists came out very much better than the optimists. It is not long ago that Winnipeg had its whirlwind of real estate excitement and certainly the pessimists of that time fared much better than the speculators who bought prairie land at New York prices. We can recollect, too, the paper towns which were peddled through Ontario, from Prince Albert to Pile o' Bones. In auction rooms lots were selling in Portage la Prairie, Brandon, White Water Flats, Red Eye Gulch and Saw Tooth Junction, and all sorts of places which have now no existence, at prices which would not now be paid for an available site on any of Toronto's minor business streets. Speculators were sued on their covenants, not only in Manitoba but throughout Ontario, and the same disreputable practices were in vogue there which are now the basis of land transactions in some of the crazy out-posts of Toronto. The pessimists who refused to countenance the era of speculation of which I speak, were the true friends of Winnipeg and the Western towns which were wrecked by the absurdity of the prices asked and received for real estate which will be pasture land when you and I are too old to be interested in property.

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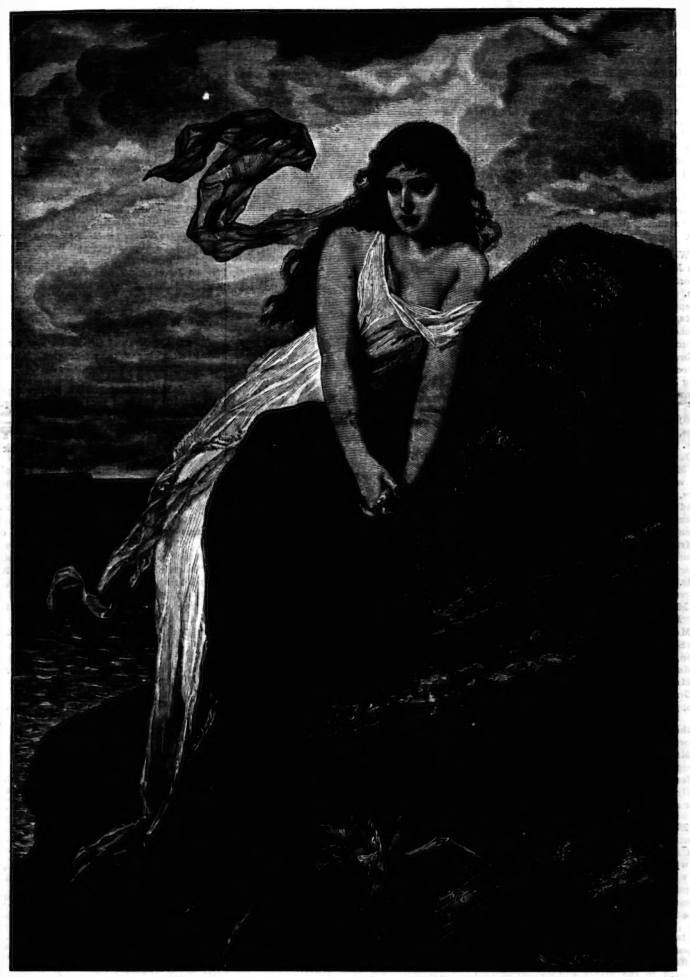
Another firm endeavors to reply to my comments on the value of suburban property. This firm is also interested in Mimico. It says I "allow for twelve hundred workmen at Mimico but estimate that they will all be bachelors and will constitute the whole population. Allowing families of five to one, the ordinary census rate, this will make six thousand population. Will they need any butchers, tailors, carpenters, drygoodsmen or other tradesmen to wait upon them? Will these tradesmen be bachelors? The contention of SATURDAY NIGHT is too absurd to consider." In this advertisement nine factories are now all that are claimed. Admit one hundred workmen to a factory, for the sake of argument, though I neither admit nine factories nor twenty-five workmen to the factory, and we have nine hundred men. I do not claim that they will all be bachelors, though in the majority of places of that sort the unmarried men are in the majority. They will not likely need many butchers, tailors, or shop-keepers of any sort out at Mimico as the operatives will reside in Toronto. Boast is being made of the suburban train service which is to be established. This train service will convey the majority of the workmen to and from Toronto. The establishment at the Humber of the bolt works and rolling mills did not add to the population of that district; the operatives went to and from their work on the trains from Parkdale and Toronto. If you remember the Humber disaster you will recall the frightful loss of life on a workingmen's train. No matter how many factories locate at Mimico 75 per cent. of the operatives will remain in Toronto and Parkdale and the better the train service the more numerous will be those who elect to live where life is most pleasant, in the city not in the country. After the day's work is over where do you imagine the factory hand would rather be, out at Mimico or in Toronto? Living will be quite as expensive in



SAPPHO.

one place as in the other; the amusements, theaters, churches, everything will be in favor of the city. More than half of the operatives engaged in the factories which have promised to go to Mimico, are the sons and daughters of people whose homes are in Toronto. They will live at home as usual, though it must be confessed that they will seek employment here if it can be obtained, and the Mimico factories will have to pay more for their help than the Toronto factories do. Whatever they gain in bonuses and cheap rent they will lose in labor. This is the history of every concern which elects to carry on its operations in a village. In view of these facts why should pasture land in that suburb be selling at prices rivalling those of Parkdale and incorporated sections of Toronto.

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These dealers alleged in their advertisements that Chicago has 110,000 acres within her city limits and that Toronto has less than 11,000 acres including all suburbs and all lands subdivided around the city, and we have one-fifth of the population of Chicago." I challenge this firm to the proof of what they say. In these statements are they not misleading investors? There are more than 11,000 acres subdivided into lots. The City Clerk and Engineer inform me that 14,965 acres are incorporated in the city! Reliable men tell me that nearly 10,000 acres are being wild-catted outside. I would also like to enquire why it is that the factories which decided to move to Mimico so many months ago have not made the first move towards that suburb. There are plenty of manufacturers who, according to the meetings of Mimico property holders, have spoken about going there, but will they tell us some one who has actually gone?

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The divorce laws of Canada are mostly remarkable for their oppressiveness. People who desire to be relieved from the yoke of matrimony are obliged, even for the cause which is admitted to be sufficient, to appeal to our Senate for relief and an act of Parliament has to be passed legalizing such separations. Of course the expense is enormous. Recently the Walker divorce case was before the Senate and the old ladies of the upper house consented to dissolve the union which, by the way, had only been partially consummated, the contracting parties never having lived together as man and wife. The marriage was a secret one, the foolish young couple having separated at the altar, and under divine law, had either of them married again without consent of parliament or anybody else, adultery could not be charged against them. But in the effort to preserve the administration of our law from the free and easy methods of the United States our parliament has decided that adultery is the only reason which will be accepted for divorce. The Catholic Church in Quebec frequently dissolves marriages between minors, yet Roman Catholics in parliament will vote that the state shall find no cause except adultery for granting a dissolution of the tie which, in a religious sense, is granted by the bishops at will. Aside from this, what will be the result of narrowing the legitimate actions for divorce to the one reason? Who are the worst married sinners against morality in this country and in the United States? Are they divorced husbands and wives or are they the ones who couldn't obtain a divorce? If adultery be the only reason permissible and those who demand a divorce insist upon relief, can it may be sure that adultery, either real or confessed, will seldom be lacking. I will not take second place among those who believe in the purity of Canadian women and the desirability of maintaining those ties which bind families together, but certainly I am not of those who imagine that artificial barriers will restrain those who are united for life without love from being unloving, or those who when wedded are impure, from manifesting their impurity. Such a measure of relief should be afforded to those who have made a mistake that ruined and blasted lives shall not be the penalty of a lack of judgment extending over an hour or a week or a month, yet which, if unrelieved, must make their home life hideous for the balance of their days. This is the Calvinism of politics; our rulers appear to believe that the elect are happily married, that the non-elect make a mistake, but that there is no salvation for the mistaken ones except through adultery, desertion or bigamy. Is this simplifying the methods of virtue, or is it in the direction of making virtue difficult and happiness impossible among those who have made a mistake. Our rulers look upon the marriage ceremony as if it were the judgment day, upon the words of the priest or pastor as if they were the inexorable doom pronounced by the Most High. The justification of such a creed cannot be found in the bible; it is but a human and ill-advised expedient. Where the currents of two human lives meet is a momentous confluence. If they flow smoothly together, it is a stream which makes beautiful all the days dependent upon their influence; if it be hopelessly inharmonious it is a disturbing influence making happiness impossible within the home and causing public exhibition of the undesirability and the hopelessness of the mistaken vows which may bind men and women together. Immorality among the wedded is the outgrowth of inextricable antagonisms or of unchangeable attractions more than of vicious impulses. More people love others because they dislike their surroundings than those who love because of their pleasant surroundings. The instinct of mankind is not monogamous. The preservation of the monozamous relation must rely on the restraints of our civilization and the satisfying effects of our religion rather than upon the arbitrary enactments of our legislators. Is it then wise to inflict misery upon such a young couple as is under discussion rather than permit the law to declare void such a union—one had never been consummated—in order to uphold an ideal which is largely Roman Catholic in its origin—that none but a bishop can dissolve the union which has been perfected by a priest? There are many arguments which uphold the most stringent marriage laws, yet what do they all mean? Marriage, if it means anything, is a union of two people who believe they can live happily together; if they do not live happily together how much can we hope from their offspring as the basis of other marriages? If they hate each other how much worse is their union than mere concubinage! It seems to me that the laws which will best preserve the ideality of the marriage relation are those which will not grant divorces for transient or trivial causes, but which will dissolve a union which is hopelessly unhappy, whether the unhappiness comes from the transient infidelity of either of the contracting parties or the permanent incongruity of both. We may make all the invidious comparisons with our neighbors that please us and yet we may still be sure that marriage will only be holy so long as the parties to it are so inclined, that the family relation will be preserved only so long as the family instinct survives. In Canada we are more strict than they are in England, whence comes our main precedents, and when our strictness overstepeth the bounds of our endurance relief is found in desertion or disgrace. When we come to look into it, it is not as satisfactory a condition of affairs as we could desire, nor is it as good as that which we might procure.

DON.

Social and Personal.

The opera has eclipsed all other forms of pleasure this week. I have always held that Irving's Hamlet, on the occasion of his first visit to Toronto, drew the most brilliant house that I had seen here since the days of Adelaide Neilson, the pet *par excellence* of Canadian theater-goers, and though I am not prepared to say that the house which witnessed Faust and Carmen on Monday and Wednesday nights, surpassed that which sighed with the melancholy Dane, it yet run the latter very close. The audiences were not quite so large, since, at the performance of Hamlet, I remember that people who had paid three dollars for the privilege, stood three and four deep all round the outer circle in the Grand Opera House, but six years have wrought a change in the appearance of a Toronto audience on a gala night, and as I recalled the toilets of that former time and compared them with those I saw this week, I recognized how much the wealth and taste of Toronto people had increased, and noted the handiwork of Parisian milliners, and of tailors, etc., who have made great strides since that memorable first appearance of Henry Irving.

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On Wednesday evening Carmen, with Miss Emma Juch in the title *role*, drew what must be accorded as the most brilliant house of the season. As well as being brilliant, the house was representative and very large. Between the acts, university students took the place of the orchestra and sang choruses, which were introduced by a tenor voice which would not have been out of place on the boards. Miss Juch received several bouquets, while the good-looking Don Jose was not forgotten. In the Government House box were Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Tilley and Mr. R. Thomas; the adjoining box contained Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer and Mr. Wilkie. In the other boxes were Colonel and Mrs. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Miss Thorburn, Mr. Sankey, Mr. and Miss Wilmott. Stalls were occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers, the Misses Todd, the Misses Dupont, Mr. and Mrs. Edwardes, Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, Mr. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble Geddes, Mr. Benjamin Cronyn, Mr. Small, Miss Small, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Yarker, Mr. Pauw, Mr. Gordon Jones, the Misses Seymour, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Green, the Misses Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Heineman, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. McRae, Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Miss Agnes Stanton, Miss Grace Boulton, Miss Amy Boulton, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. Goldingham, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard, Mr. Markham, Miss Small, Miss Parsons, Miss Grant, Mr. Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson.

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At the close of the performance repeated cries for a speech brought forth the following from Mr. Scovell. It was American, but not inappropriate: "Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Juch desires me to thank you heartily for the pretty lovely reception you have given her, and for myself—words fail me."

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The 29th of this month will witness another brilliant night at the Grand Opera House. Albani in La Traviata and with a splendid caste will be a tremendous draw. Already those who get up joint stock theater parties, so to speak, and those who give these entertainments, have secured their stalls and boxes and are busy with their lists of guests.

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And talking of that most popular institution, the theater party, why do not the organizers of such affairs follow a convenient custom which is common in the States, and prevent confusion and delay by visiting the house before the evening, and pinning small tickets with the names of the occupants to the seats which they have engaged. It is not necessary so to expose the names of ladies to possible curiosity; at an opera party which I once attended in Buffalo the visiting cards of the gentlemen had been collected and affixed to the chairs they were to occupy. The ladies they accompany are of course always met at the door of the theater if not before, and are then conducted to their seats.

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Although still a month distant, the spring meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club, and its attendant festivities on May 23 and 24, are even now being much discussed. I drove down to the Woodbine this week and was amazed at the results of the indefatigable perseverance of Mr. T. C. Patteson and his colleagues. The popular Postmaster of Toronto spares no pains in promoting the sport he loves, and the chief credit for the wonderful improvement in every detail and particular of the course club house and stands at the Woodbine, must be allotted to him. Special attention has been paid to the stabling accommodation for the racers. This was formerly disgracefully bad, but is now as good as could be desired. Now that the whole surroundings of the course have been so much improved it is to be hoped that the committee of the club will turn their attention to the bookmaker scandal. If sufficient of the fraternity can not be secured to ensure that something like fair odds will be offered to those who wish to bet, it would surely be better that they should be kept off the course altogether. I believe that on former occasions Mr. Patteson's multifarious duties at the meeting have kept him so busy that it has been impossible for him to keep an eye on the "bookies" and the blackboards which take the place of the vociferated odds of English custom. If this had not been the case, these gentlemen would, at the least, have been told some hometruths in forcible English.

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I hear, on the best of authority, that the officials of the Ontario Jockey Club and the inhabitants of Government House are confidently expecting that the Duke of Connaught will reach Toronto on May 23. If this desirable event occurs there will probably be a ball at Government House, on the evening of the Prince's arrival, while the presence of royalty at the races on the Queen's birthday will add enormously to the attractions of the meeting. Royalty, or that of England, at all events, is never more at home than at a race-meeting, as all who have ever been to Epsom or Newmarket or Sandown can testify, while the presence of one of Her Majesty's sons on her birthday, at the race for which she presents the prize, will ensure great and loyal popular enthusiasm.

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The step-daughter of Mr. Alexander Cameron, and the princess that is to be, is Miss Ward and not Miss Hard, as the New York *Herald* and the *Mail* persist in naming her in their cablegrams. The lady, when last in Toronto, although little more than a child, gave promise of great beauty. She will not go dowerless to her prince, since she inherited from her father, a wealthy contractor in the states, an income which is certainly not a small one, and which in the mouths of interested Toronto is speedily becoming fabulous. Since reporters go to cablegrams are unable to cope with so simple a name as that of Ward, it is not surprising that they make complete havoc of the somewhat complicated title of the betrothed. The prince's name has not been printed twice in the same way, and I am told never once correctly.

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Four of the numerous theater parties of Monday were those of Mr. and Mrs. Melford Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Torrance, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, and of these the last seemed to be the largest.

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Sir William and Lady Carey of London, England, have been in town this week, and have, like all the world, been doing grand opera at the Grand. Sir William and Lady Carey leave shortly for Banff and British Columbia, whence they talk of going either to Alaska or south to San Francisco, returning to Toronto on their way home in August.

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Chestnut Park will not be closed during the absence of Sir David and Lady Macpherson and Mrs. Meyrick Bankes in Europe. Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Kirkpatrick, when the latter can escape from duties legal and political, will reside at Chestnut Park during the summer. Sir David and Lady Macpherson sail next week from New York by one of the French line of steamers to Harve, whence they go to Homberg, the place which Sir David finds most beneficial in summer, and will return to Canada *via* England in the early autumn.

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Mr. and Mrs. Peacock of Exeter, England, have been paying a short visit to friends in town. Mr. and Mrs. Peacock left this week for Montreal to make a brief stay before they sail for home.

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Mr. Van Norman and Miss Van Norman of New York are staying with friends on Avenue road. Miss Van Norman is a songstress of rare powers and great good nature in displaying them. Her beautiful soprano voice has been a boon to several hostesses during the last two weeks.

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Hon. George W. Allan and Mrs. Allan returned to town from Ottawa last week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick came to town last week from Ottawa and are staying with Sir David and Lady Macpherson at Chestnut Park.

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Mr. Tovey of St. John, N. B., who has been paying a round of visits in town, left on Sunday last for New York.

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Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon left on Monday for England, where they will reside for the next six months. Mr. Harcourt Vernon's position of secretary to His Honor the Lieut.-Governor is to be held during his absence by Mr. Hamilton, a son of the Bishop of Niagara.

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The fine weather this week has been the cause of more than one picnic to the Humber. Those who have participated in these affairs report that they have found that it was rather rash so to "force the season," since the ground is not yet dry and the hottest April day is succeeded by a chilly evening. In a few weeks it is said that the Toronto Riding and Driving Club will justify their title, and will hold meets other than those of the winter time.

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Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn gave a large beauty dinner party last week, which was the most delightful of its kind.

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On Saturday of last week a very large afternoon tea was given by Mrs. Grantham and her niece, Miss Fannie Shanklin. Mrs. Grantham's beautiful house on College avenue seems especially adapted for affairs of a social nature, and on this occasion the rooms were transformed into a veritable bower of beauty. Among the large number present I noticed Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Cockburn, Miss Hodgins, Miss Bunting, the Misses Beatty, Miss Brough, the Misses Todd, Miss Parsons, Miss Nellie Parsons, Mrs. Heineman, the Misses Arthurs, the Misses Osler, Miss Bessie Jones, the Misses Strathy, Miss Macdonald, Miss Benson of Port Hope, Mrs. Hume Blake, Miss Proudfoot, Miss DuMoulin, the Misses Lockhart, and Messrs. Crawford Scadding, C. C. Ross, Clarence Rogert, Leach, Scott, Audrey Hoskins, Swabey, Hollyer, Wynder Strathy, McMurray, Alf. Jones, A. M. Field, Vaux Chadwick, Rev. Mr. Creighton, Dr. Covernton, and Rev. J. P. Lewis. Miss Shanklin was ably assisted in her duties by her cousin, Miss Bertha Grantham, and Miss Wilcocks.

Mrs. Grantham wore a charming tea gown of white silk and lace; the fair young hostess was becomingly attired in a shade of delicate grey, with blouse of scarlet silk, and Mi s Bertha Grantham wore a pretty gown of the new dove color tint.

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The bachelors and benedicts of West Toronto Junction give a ball on Friday, May 2.

*

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins of the Imperial Bank is confined to his home through illness.

*

The death of Rev. A Algernon Boys, M.A., which took place at the General Hospital, on Monday last, will be widely deplored. Professor Boys was a scholar, an eloquent preacher, a pleasing writer, and a warm-hearted sympathetic man. By those who studied under his tuition while he was professor of classics at

THE LATE PROFESSOR BOYS.

Trinity he was loved and admired and by them and by all others with whom he associated his many excellent qualities will not soon be forgotten. In an unostentatious way it was his delight to confer that charity which never faileth. Prof. Boys was born in India and was but 44 years of age. In 1878 he took the position of classical professor and public orator of Trinity University, which position he held until last January, when he resigned on account of ill-health and with a view to entering more actively into clerical work. The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon. The students walked in a body.

*

Miss Birdie Ryan of Grosvenor street entertained a number of her friends last Thursday, and all spent a most enjoyable evening.

*

Mrs J. H. Mason of Sherbourne street gave a delightfully-arranged progressive euchre party Friday evening.

*

Mrs. Blackstock of Jarvis street gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Juch.

*

On Wednesday evening the members of St. George's Society held their annual banquet at the Walker House. About 140 jovial Englishmen and sons of Englishmen assembled in the spacious dining-room, which was appropriately decked with bunting for the occasion. The *menu* provided was in keeping with the traditions of the day and the customs of "Merrie England." After enjoying it as only Englishmen can enjoy a good dinner, the company proceeded with the festival of jest and song and loyal toast, which carried them into the early hours of the following day. The toast list, which I published in these columns last week, was carried through substantially as was laid out. It will suffice to say that all the speakers were at their best and I can well believe that rarely if ever has the patron saint of England inspired a more successful banquet than that of Wednesday night.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

Thursday afternoon of last week Miss Mary Macdonald gave a large dance at Earnscliffe, when some three hundred guests were present. Lady Macdonald and Mrs. Dewdney assisted Miss Macdonald in receiving her guests. Dancing was carried on continuously from about 9 o'clock to 2 a.m. Since the improvements and enlargements at Earnscliffe, the handsome residence of the Premier ranks as one of the best suited houses for entertaining in the city. Miss Macdonald is to be congratulated on the great success of her "coming-out" ball.

Mrs. Moylan of Daly avenue gave a small impromptu dance the other evening.

On Thursday morning a very interesting event took place in the shape of the marriage of Miss Minnie Macoun, daughter of Prof. Macoun of the Geological Survey, to Mr. Rufus A. Kingman, M.D., of Boston, at St. Andrew's Church. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. W. T. Herridge. Miss Ada Hart of Toronto and Miss Nellie Macoun, sister of the bride, were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Perking of Boston acted as best man. After the ceremony Mrs. Macoun was At Home at her residence on Mackenzie avenue to a large number of friends. The bride was made the recipient of many handsome and valuable presents. The honeymoon is to be spent touring through the States.

Hon. John Costigan, Minister of Inland Revenue, the other evening dined the newly appointed Judge Landry, at the House of Commons cafe. Several of the worthy ex-M.P.'s friends and fellow members were present, and altogether a most enjoyable evening was spent.

According to the latest advices the Governor-General will be in Quebec when H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught arrives in Canada. The Prince will be the guest of His Excellency at the Citadel.

(*Continued on page Eleven.*)

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Remembered Song (The), D Eb F—Rodney.....50
Close to My Heart, D Eb F—Wellings.....50
Arabian Serenade, Eb and F—Wellings.....50
Ferryman John, Eb F and G—Rodney.....50
Abide With Me (sacred)—Hutchins.....50
DANCE MUSIC
Vestry Ripple—Parriner.....40
Geraldine Waltz—Hutchins.....50
When the Lights are Low Waltz—Bonheur.....60
Sunshine and Shade Waltz—Bonheur.....60
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Satisfaction is Guaranteed
Spring Season, 1890
We beg to advise you that our
Annual Dressmaking and Millinery Opening
Will take place on
Tuesday, April 1
We extend a cordial invitation to you and trust to be favored with your presence.
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CIGARETTES
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

What a large number of persons there are who put in one-half their time in being supercilious! I often wonder what copy of womanhood this class of individuals proposes imitating. It cannot be that of the most cultured, for well-bred women are invariably gracious in every act and intonation. It is a pity that those who will have a precedent for every movement cannot have the advantage of at least imitating worthy patterns.

It has been a matter of some amusement to me to find that while the universally respected gentlewoman does not hesitate to speak kindly to shop women, the little feather-brained idiot, whose father has lately grown rich, takes upon herself the great task of airing the family dignity. Did she not affect a superiority, no one would suspect it; and when she does, one may be forgiven for honestly doubting it, and denying to her the instincts of a lady.

When I see a young woman smiling at men who are apparently strangers, I catch myself wondering what sort of a mother she has.

Girls who are daughters of wealthy people, are yet so ignorant of the world as to suppose that because a man's attention is taken, his admiration has somehow flown after it.

It is not always the beautiful which chains our eyes. The unusual draws observation quite as freely. The distasteful, the disgusting and the vulgar claim as much, perhaps, of our attention as the beautiful.

•

We are advised that we may wear:

Our jackets plain or lavishly trimmed.

That gowns are made up in combinations of velvet and cloth, with sleeves and skirts of the velvet.

That handkerchiefs are smaller than ever.

That large silver, steel and cut jet buttons are used on cloth dresses.

That a great many spring bodices are made short on the hips, and pointed in front.

That gray velveteen jackets are embroidered in steel.

That we may get out our scrapbox beads and old lace scarfs, for beads of every hue and shape are in demand, and lace, worn berthe-shape, accords delightfully with high-shouldered bodices.

That parasols promise to be very eccentric in shape and garniture, but that sensible women will decorate bonnets and arms with lace and jewels in the evening and have plain parasols to protect them from the sun.

•

That stylish wool gowns have loose waists of folded silk. They are belted and worn with open-fronted Kendal coats.

That heliotrope and gray are the most eagerly-sought colors.

That flower bonnets will be worn extensively, from the solid mass of bloom to the dainty wreath with two leaves and four stems.

•

Speaking of flower millinery reminds me of a little gossip. On Yonge street, as you all know, a florist's shop stands very close to that occupied by a milliner.

Not long since a mistaken youth was vainly rattling the door of the early-closed bonnet shop. On being accosted by a friend he heaped several abrupt adjectives around the florist's name, while he explained that he wanted to buy some roses. A burst of laughter induced investigation, and the crestfallen man came away from the milliner's and was soon in consultation with the florist next door.

•

How eagerly one breathes nowadays! The soft spring air intoxicates our lungs with its freshness, and they involuntarily expand in mute appeal for more.

"I feel it is a pleasure to live these bright days," said a sweet-voiced woman.

I seconded her happy-hearted utterance and felt as if any person who looked at things through any but the roslest of glasses should be exiled to Patagonia.

This elevation of spirits has, though, an effect upon pocket-books which is positively—emptying. Womankind yearns to be in touch with nature and don her spring-time finery.

•

Coming down Yonge street, a few mornings ago, my attention was taken by a young man. He was faultlessly dressed as to boots, overcoat and hat, but his gloves were shockingly out at the fingers. To make matters worse, he carried one hand behind, and, unaware of the exhibition of his carelessness, poked his fingers out in the most approved style in swelldom.

I walked perhaps a block behind those ostentatiously displayed finger-tips and wondered if he had no sister, "dearest" or cousins.

Girls never do that sort of thing. If a glove is shabby, not ragged—there is no excuse for a ragged glove—the thoughtful one will tuck that glove underneath its fellow. She will signal street cars with her left hand, put on her left glove first, and somehow contrive so that the world in general shall never suspect the existence of the shabbiness.

Tact is surely something which was forgotten in Grandfather Adam's time. CLIP CAREW.

'Varsity Chat.

Classical men heaved a sigh of relief when the announcement was made that Prof. Hutton, having retired from the Senate, was appointed an examiner in classics.

•

Prof. Loudon's motion in the Senate, providing for closer scrutiny on the part of the faculty over the work of undergraduates throughout the term is not received with favor among the boys. His object is doubtless to increase regularity and discipline, which are now undeniably lacking to some extent. But enforced discipline will scarcely lead to the voluntary kind; and the latter alone is valuable for students. The donkeys are already at the water, to use a homely illustration. Not to mention the inksome inconvenience attendant upon a strict system, the chance for individualism will be made less even than it is at present, which is saying a good deal. It is useless to smother budding genius, though it is certainly easy to do so. There comes a time when a man must stand on his own legs and make his own choice and abide by the consequences. So that, ruling out disadvantages for clearness sake, Prof. Loudon's chance of doing good rests on the feeble possibility that by enforcing law he will cause students to become a law unto themselves.

•

The baseball team did not meet with gratifying success at London. There is no great reason for discouragement however. It was probably one of Sam's off days which are not frequent. NEMO.

A Woman's Pocket-Book.

"I read in to-day's paper that a pocket-book had been left here by some one who had found it, and I called to ask about it; I have lost mine," said a New York woman in a newspaper office the other day.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the clerk in attendance. "Will you please describe the contents of the pocket-book you lost?"

"Well, now—let me see. I think I can name everything that was in my purse. There was a dollar bill, two ten-cent pieces, one or two nickels, two or three coppers, some postage stamps, some silk samples, a small sample of yellow floss, a pearl-handled glove-buttoner, a little poem entitled Baby's Bath, a recipe for sweet pickles, a lock of baby's hair, a car ticket, a sample of torchon lace, a memorandum of things I wanted to get, a row of pins, a funny little joke cut from a newspaper, a small pearl button, a brass tag, several addresses, a tiny lead pencil, a Canadian dime with a hole in it, a small rubber eraser, a railroad time-card, an advertisement of a bargain sale of handkerchiefs, a pressed violet in a bit of tissue paper, a sample of dress braid, and five or six other little things that I can't—Oh, thank you! yes, that's my pocket-book."

And the pocket-book he handed her was just three and a half inches long by two and a half wide, and half an inch thick.—*Puck.*

Giving Him a Show.

He was a good man—a man whose word nobody doubted—whose integrity and veracity were as good as a bond. And a friend said to him:

"I saw you speeding your horse the other day."

"Yes."

"He's a fine mover."

"Yes."

"Got lots of speed."

"Yes."

"As near as I could catch him that day he was making a 2.40 clip."

"Yes, I think so."

And that horse could not go a mile in five minutes, and the owner knew it, and the other man knew it, and he was simply baiting a hook to tempt the good man to lie. And he caught him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

He Would Not Do.

Bank President—Did you say, Mr. Bullion, that the young man you recommend is sub ject to fits of abstraction?

Mr. Bullion—Yes—occasionally.

Bank President—Then he will not suit us as cashier.—*Harper's Bazar.*

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Their Influence on London Society

From the London Saturday Journal.

"The tendency of the present day is the laxity of conversation permitted by many ladies of society in their male friends. This evil has been of very rapid growth, and has spread in many cases from the married women even to the girls, who think they can thus make themselves as agreeable to the men as their successful rivals. This, to a great extent, is attributable to the rage for beautiful women which is dominating London society, as well as elsewhere throughout the world. A woman, if she is extremely lovely can always get an introduction and is sure to be a star in society. This rage for beauty has been a great bane in London society for a long time, and has been a great source of annoyance to many who felt themselves shelved and neglected by the men in favor of fashionable beauties.

"Society has lately advanced a step further, and the beauties of London society, whose 'faces are their fortunes,' are now becoming more numerous. Many women with brilliant minds and goddess-like forms have been neglected and passed by unnoticed for the woman who could only claim a beautiful face.

"Most women of intellect and fine figure have felt these charms to be sufficient and have neglected their faces. The result has been an army of women with almost hideous faces caused by blotches, redness, roughness of the skin, pimples, disgusting blackheads, liver spots, and other imperfections which the professional beauty has with such acumen been careful to either cure or prevent.

"Mrs. Langtry, Adelina Patti, Clara Louise Kellogg, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mme. Modjeska, Fanny Davenport, and Helen Dauvray thoroughly understand the importance among women's attractions of a perfect complexion. They have tried every imaginable remedy and have unanimously agreed on—the one used by all the professional beauties. It is a well-known fact to every thoughtful woman that any imperfection on the face suggests uncleanliness to men, and honest confessions made by 'men of the world' all reveal the fact that they have been absolutely disgusted with women because of imperfections on their faces."

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What they are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids, Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible, except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after traveling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The *Recamier Toilet Preparations* are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and *contain neither Lead, Bismuth or Arsenic*, as attested to after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as

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Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology.

PETER T. AUSTEN, Ph. D., F. C. S.,
Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington street east, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, $1.50; Recamier Balm, $1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, $1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c; Recamier Powder, large boxes, $1.00. Small boxes, 50c.

•

Asking Too Much.

Stranger (out West)—See here! I want you to arrest those two men over there for forcing me into a game of poker with them and then swindling me.

Policman—Y'r askin' too much, stranger, I can't arrest them gents. One's th' honored mayor of this ere city, an' th' other's th' chief of perlice.

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FINE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HATS
in all the latest styles for spring trade.
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IMPORTERS OF
Ladies' Silk Riding Hats and Velvet Hunting Caps
MOTHS
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Frontpieces, Bangs
Plain and Fluffy Switches
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Hair Magic—Eureka, Golden Hair Wash Powders, and all Toilet Requisites.
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March 1890
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Choice Buckwheat Flour
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THIS WEEK
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Slightly Laxative. Pleasant to Take
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BEEF, IRON AND QUININE WINE
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Short Jackets—In Revere, Vest fronts and loose fronts, plain and braided, very dressy and stylish, and in the six leading new shades, Tans, Cotils, Brown, Navy, Fawn, and Reseda and in Tweed effects.
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Wraps and Visites—Silk braided and in jets. We have a large and brilliant variety, from $3 upwards.
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H. S. MORISON & CO.
218 Yonge Street, cor. Albert

SECOND HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

ELAINE.

As the first day so passed many more, gliding by imperceptibly, each one cementing more strongly the friendship between the tired man of the world and the young girl, innocent and fair as one of the Marguerites she daily brought in from the fields, and not unlike them in her beauty, Harry thought, as he watched her sorting them over one bright, warm day when, tired of painting, he lay back on the sofa, the soft air fanning the waves of hair on his forehead and breathing sweetly of the woods, while the canary sang and the dog, with his head in Elaine's lap, went contentedly to sleep.

He closed his eyes, and a vision came of a dark-eyed girl dressed in the latest style, surrounded by every luxury, vivacious, clever, a fit companion for any man, "and yet—and yet—" he thought. "If I had seen Elaine first, ah! what a beautiful pearl to be dimmed by the glare of society. Better here, where she is so unspoiled and so charming."

He opened his eyes to find Elaine's very near them, and Elaine's soft hand over his heart, pinning a daisy in his buttonhole.

"Elaine," he said, taking her hand, "how did you come by your pretty name! Is it after Tennyson's sad heroine, The Lily Maid!"

"Oh, no. I am too healthy looking for that. I am called after my great grandmother."

"It is a pleasure to see a girl in perfect health."

"Yes, but I don't think I am stronger for my color; the least thing pulls me down.

She did not withdraw her hand, and he smoothed it between his own. "Elaine," he went on presently, "I shall miss you terribly when I go away."

For an instant the color forsook her face, even her lips growing pale, and she grasped his hand. "You are not going away for a long time. Don't talk of it. I don't want to think of it."

Harry felt himself unprincipled and contemptible, even while he drew her closer and kissed the color back to her face; but all thoughts of the woman he was bound to vanished when Elaine lifted her face, so radiant and happy. She said nothing, but went away coming back shyly with a large book.

So they went on in the old routine, he reading aloud parts of Shakespeare, while she made the flowers into various forms to adorn the room, sometimes forgetting her task to gaze at him in a terrible or pathetic part with tears standing in her eyes or rising in her throats a scene herself. For she had studied Shakespeare herself in the long winter evenings, and often, when her father had taken to drink and periodical jaunts and Jim, who was of a sarcastic turn of mind with a scorn for frivolities, was safely away at his work in the fields, she would pay the remaining domestic a visit in the kitchen and thrill that simple maiden with ecstatic awe at her rendering of what Brenda styled the "opery."

"You jest otter hear her, Jim," she would remark afterward, "with her eyes astarin' an' her hair jest anyhow. Why, the other day when she got hold on a pickle jar, an' tore roun' callin' out that some one had 'Drunk it all an' hadn't left a friendly drop to cheer her up,' and then made for the stove an' cut up the lifter an' stuck it inter her busum an' rammed it in an' said as how it was to 'rust there,' an' with that fell flop on the table an' tumbled off onto the floor, pertendin' to be dead! 'clare to goodness my heart was in my mouth an' I dursn't breathe till she sat up an' rubbed her elbur, which was mighty bruised, an' sat me how I liked it."

"Stuff an' nonsense!" Jim would reply to the various accounts of Elaine's doings, though he secretly longed to see it too, and was only deterred from requesting to increase the audience by the fear of the superiority of his character being injured thereby. But any disapprobation on his part, even if known to Elaine, was amply atoned for by the enthusiastic admiration Harry evinced for her performances.

For him she went through her favorite characters, ending with Juliet, without the whole jar or convenient stove lifter. She taught her to faint without hurting herself, and made an impassioned Romeo, unconsciously bringing out all the depth in the girl's nature.

"It's really remarkable," he said when, being able to walk as well as ever, the last morning of his stay had come, "that one girl in a hundred would do it like that."

Elaine's countenance fell. "Wouldn't they really?" she asked, wistfully. "Tell me, truly, am I different from other girls?"

"Well, rather."

"Oh! don't say that, see," she continued, placing a soft hand on his mouth, "I have never had any one to tell me how to talk or what to say or do."

Seeing she was on the verge of tears, Harry took the little hand in both of his, assuring her that she was only different in being fairer, dearer and more clever than any of thousands getting in his ardor even the little black-eyed cousin.

"Do you really think so? then I am content. I only want you to think well of me and care for me."

"Of course I do. Come, we must take a farewell stroll; you know I must leave you tomorrow."

"Oh! no, indeed! You only say that to tease me."

They sauntered beneath the trees, crossed the stream, and lost themselves in the wood beyond, in the same delightful manner they had done each day since Harry had been able to walk, for during the long protraction of his stay at the Hermitage he had discovered that Mr. Weldon was indeed a gentleman, shutting himself up with his books and leaving him to while away the time with his beautiful daughter.

"I am such a little coward," said Elaine, when, the long day drawing to a close, they crossed the bridge on their way home, "My heart always jumps so when I cross that bridge; but it does the same when I run upstairs, or climb a hill, or get startled. It jumps a lot, and then I think it is going to stop for ever."

Harry looked at her quickly. "Did you ever tell your father that?" he asked. "Oh, yes, long ago; but it bothered him so I haven't mentioned it since. Oh, do look at that beautiful sunset. How lovely everything looks. If it could only last for ever. Never get old or ugly, or tired, or sad as it does in the dread fall time."

"Ah! if. There is your father waiting for us; how like home it looks, and I must leave it all to morrow, perhaps never to return."

"You said that before, don't say it again, it sounds as if you meant it. What is to prevent you from watching here all summer? You haven't done the brook falls yet, and you said the other day that you would like to make another sketch of me."

"So I should, but I must do with what I have. You know I don't want to go, Elaine, but this letter I got this morning puts delay out of the question.

He did not explain that the letter was from his cousin asking why he did not return, saying she was sick and miserable and that he must come back at once. Surely his foot was all right now and what attraction could he possibly have to keep him any longer in the backwoods.

"Not really!" she asked, her eyes wide open and her face, suddenly pale, close to his. "But you will come back!"

"Yes, really. Perhaps I can come back next year."

"Next year! but how can we go through the long winter without you, just papa and me! Oh! why did you come! Nothing can be the same again without you.

She broke from him and hastened into the house, telling her father that "her head was bad, and he was to go on with tea without her."

"I can't make it out," said Mr. Weldon uneasily, as they drank their tea. "Elaine isn't given to headaches, never had one in her life! It must have been the sun." Harry acquiesced, thinking that, after all, Elaine had a good deal akin to fashionable city ladies in her, but as he knew himself to be the cause of her despondency it flattered his vanity. So he insisted on Brenda's taking tea upstairs, in spite of his remonstrating with such kind friends, and made himself generally agreeable.

They both opened their eyes when, as they were half through the meal, Elaine crept disconsolately into the room, declaring herself better. Her cheeks were still pale; but her eyes were bright with excitement. Instead of the plain dress she usually wore, she was attired in white silk covered with sprays of forget-me-nots, cut square in the neck, with half sleeves, and made in the style of thirty years before. Around her neck was clasped a handsome gold chain, and on her arms old-fashioned bracelets. The dress, a relic of her mother's girlhood, fitted to a nicety, and altogether she looked as if she had stepped, a beautiful reality, from a bygone picture.

"Yes, I know," she said, in answer to her father's look of surprise, "I have never worn it before except just to show you, but this is a farewell entertainment and I must do honor to it."

With that she sat down, replying to Harry's compliments with a laugh that was perilously near tears, and launching into the conversation with unwonted energy, until, after attending to a remark of Mr. Weldon's, Harry turned round to find her gone.

"If you are obliged to go to-morrow, I would like a few words with you to-night," said Mr. Weldon.

"With pleasure," returned Harry; "I shall always look back to this happy little time with grateful feelings for your kindness. As far as my sprain is concerned I might have left you a week ago, but it is hard to tear myself away even now."

Here Jim appeared with a question regarding stock, and Mr. Weldon departed with him saying they could have their talk when he returned after Elaine had gone to bed.

"Poor Elaine," thought Harry, left to himself, "I wonder where she is!"

He lit a cigar, and tried to read a week-old paper. Then, as the moon slowly rose he wandered out and down the little path, listening to the croaking of the frogs, from a far away pond, and the rushes, which, even through a faint summer breeze among the tall fir trees, gave a weird, lonely feeling to the moving shadows of the moonlight.

"What a place for ghosts," then, with a sudden start, "What in creation is that?"

It was a low sob of human agony, he sprang towards the clump of bushes from whence it proceeded, and there, on the earth, lay Elaine sobbing her heart out.

"Elaine! Elaine! child, look up, I cannot bear to hear you cry so."

"Oh! I cannot bear it," she sobbed, "to part with you, never, never to see you again! I cannot say good-byre, it will kill me."

Most men are weak confronted by a woman's tears, and Harry, perhaps owing to his artistic temperament, was sensitive to emotion of any kind. He really cared for Elaine, and the sight of her vehement grief quite alarmed him.

He knelt down by her feet, drawing her to him, "Don't cry, darling," he said quickly, "I love you, Elaine, love you far too well to part without a kiss to keep me remembered by. Other, which was mighty bruised, an' sat me how I liked it."

"Stuff an' nonsense!" Jim would reply to the various accounts of Elaine's doings, though he secretly longed to see it too, and was only deterred from requesting to increase the audience by the fear of the superiority of his character being injured thereby. But any disapprobation on his part, even if known to Elaine, was amply atoned for by the enthusiastic admiration Harry evinced for her performances.

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remember your poor half dead rose! Why did you steal down stairs to look for it, and hearing your name stop and drawn by irresistible impulse press close to the door, hearing for the first time the story of your fair young mother?"

"My question is," continued Mr. Weldon, "whether you would like to marry my daughter? She is beautiful and good and I believe likes you. I am well off and even in this remote place fear that with her beauty, may cause her to be influenced by some unworthy object. I have taken a fancy to you and would like to make her happy."

"Really sir," stammered the young man, "I—I don't know how to thank you for your confidence, or for your kind intentions. It had been a year ago all would have been different, but now—now—I am engaged to a cousin in Montreal."

"Engaged!"

"Yes, it was settled long ago. We have grown up together. I am truly sorry you should have made any plans, I must leave you to-morrow; let us part good friends. Who knows if we may ever meet again."

"Who, indeed," replied the man. "Well, I'm very sorry it is fixed so, but I hope Elaine will soon forget you."

"Yes," and Harry, much relieved, laughed lightly, "I am only a novelty, you know, you ask some good fellow out here; there are heaps better than myself and she'll soon forget me."

Harry really hoped, and in some measure believed what he said, but then he could not see the shrinking figure at the other side of the door, could not see her blindly staggering as she slowly mounted the stairs; could not see her standing in the little room sacred to her use with the small white bed, and her aspect in all her life, the mirror that had reflected her laughing face so often, sending back now a pale drawn face of pathetic misery, on which still gleam of moonlight shining on so fair a form, so sad a heart.

"Oh! my Father," she cried, stretching her arms towards the silent heavens, "help me, help me, it is more than I can bear!"

She had no words to pour forth her grief. She only leaned forward, crying faintly; "My heart, oh, my heart!" then swayed backward and fell to the floor.

"Where is that?" asked Harry, with a start, "something has fallen overhead."

Mr. Weldon turned pale, for it was Elaine's room, and he knew her to be there. Followed by Harry he darted upstairs and, without delaying to knock, threw open the door.

There, on the floor, her rich dress, golden hair and marble face shining in the moonlight, lay Elaine, lifeless. In one hand was a withered rose whose petals strewed the ground—like herself, gathered, worn and cast aside in one short day.

The poor father was on his knees kissing the cold face, listening vainly for the heart's beating. He endeavored her to recall, calling to her, moaning feebly, with haggard face, "It is her heart; it is heart disease." There was nothing for Harry to do, nothing save look on and remember this scene to his life's end.

It is only in books that people make long and eloquent laments; when the heart is most sorely tried few words are uttered. But through the mist of his own regret Harry felt how deep and lasting was the grief of the crouching form before him, silently sobbing. "Oh, Elaine! my child! my child!"

. . . . . .

Years before Elaine had one day lost herself, and when found was in a quiet corner of the wood, wakened, and carried home had said she would like to sleep there forever.

There, where the warbling of the birds and blossoming of the flowers made one pause to think of the glorious beauty of that other country where there is no more pain and all tears are wiped away, they laid poor broken-hearted Elaine to rest beneath the tree that had sheltered her in childhood.

[THE END.]

At Evening.

The bright sun shone
All through the sunny day,
Made glad the world
Fair gilt's rang as it lay.

The moon rose pale;
The sun set at day,
Drooped blushing red
Behind the mountain gray.

Hirsute Adornment.

The privileges of men are curtailed in many ways, says *Pick Me Up*, but it is something that even if poverty has attacked a man's extremities (which, in his essay on Men and Women, Thackeray says it invariably does to do first), he can wear his beard, including his mustaches, as he chooses. There is no one to control him, except, indeed, the little boy in the streets. Formerly a man, to some extent, carried his profession in his face. If, forty years ago, for example, he wore mustaches in England, he was roughly put down as a cavalry officer, a foreigner—probably a singer—or a billiard sharper, a term which embraced pecuniary pickpockets of all kinds. Not, of course, that all men who grew beards desired to be addressed as "captain" by cunning crossing-sweepers, or wished it to be inferred that they had fainted in the arms of a fashionable woman panied him, or who was providentially passing. About this time (1854), too, the London police ceased to shave, and another picture shows the panic among the street boys at seeing the constabulary with beards and mustaches. Nowadays, any great eccentricity in the style of wearing a beard is uncommon. Sometimes stupid vanity, or a disregard for cleanliness, induces a man to tend and dress his beard all its course to an unwholesome growth; but when men had less to occupy and amuse them than they have in these times of telegraphs and cheap literature, some were, to say the least of it, fanciful in the culture of their beards. There is, for instance, an effigy of Sir G. Hart (1587) in Lullingstone church, from which it appears that the English knight carefully curled his mustaches into three or four little locks each side of his nose, the beard being all trussed upward with great care. Taylor, the water-poet, wrote in his Superbia Flagellum a long satire of men's strange beards, and is seven pages long on the subject of how he wore his own hair. As a matter of fact, he had what is now called an imperial, twisted into three or four turns like a screw. Perhaps beards have never been much quainter than in the sixteenth century. One finds in Lyly's Midas (1591) one Motto, a barber, who speaks of his "eloquent occupation," and asks his customer whether he would have "your beard like a spade or a bodkin? A pent-house on your upper lip, or an alley on your chin? A love curl on your head, like a bull, or a dangling lock, like a Spaniard? Your mustachios sharp at the end, like shoemakers' awls, or hanging some way from your mouth, like oxen? About this time, also, we find mention of the "spade beard," the "stiletto beard," the "pickadevant," the "stalove tail cut," the "tile beard," etc., and a contemporary writer—Stubbs—in his Anatomy of Abuses, declares that for some reason "men is a world to consider how their mustachios must be preserved, or laid out from one cheek to the other, and turned up like two horns towards the forehead." This is the beard in peace. The beard in war was not without its disadvantages. It looked military. To frighten a foe by a fierce aspect was some way toward getting the best of him, and it is astonishing how much, with hair about, the manliness of the features is enhanced, if at some sacrifice, perhaps, of keenness and intellectuality. Alexander, however, abolished beards in the Macedonian army, because they served as convenient handles for the foe. There was a time when beards were taxed in England. A man's income is hard to ascertain, but a man either had or had not a beard, and if he had, he must show his income. Beards were taxed in Russia, and either taxed or shaved his subjects. Philip the Fifth of Spain could not grow a beard, and it was discovered, about the time that this became manifest that beards were indifferent disguises, fatal to good looks. Francis the First of France had an ugly scar on his throat, and grew a beard to hide it, whereupon it was the general opinion that, for every good reason, a beard was indispensible. In its time fanatisms has, so to speak, taken hold of the beard. A pamphlet was published (1860), under the title of Shaving: a Breach of the Sabbath, and a Hindrance to the Spread of the Gospel.

"Is that young man gone, M itlda?" cried her father from the top of the staire.
"Oh, awfully!" returned M itlda.—*Puck.*

A Beam on the Track.

On a drizzly, cheerless evening, a dozen loungers, more or less, were assembled in Trank's store. Trank had a bar in one corner, where moist goods were furnished by the glass or by the flask, or, to accommodate, by the jug. Also an old-fashioned open fireplace lent its charms to the comfort of the place. By-and-by there entered a tall, lank, slab sided specimen of the genus Yankee, who approached the little semicircular bar, and called for a glass of old Jemakey. The decanter containing Jamaica rum was set forth, and the aforesaid biped helped himself to a generous horn.

"Hi!" cried one of the men at the fire-place "That's the chap that saved the lightnin' express. Jess you tell 'em about it, Seth."

When Seth had drunk, all hands were eager to know how he had saved the express train. They hadn't heard of it.

"Wal," said Seth, wiping his lips and biting a good chew from a plug of navy tobacco, "ef ye keer ter hear it, I'll tell ye how it happened." They offered him a seat, but he would not sit.

"Ye see, night afore last, jest afore ten o'clock, I was sittin' on the sidin' of the railroad, comin' up from old Whittaker's, where I'd been helpin' 'em set up shocks. Waal, I'd got along right where the track makes a bend around Elk's Hill, and whose shere's a pair o' hands on the high fence—ye know ther's a snow-fence along thar—yaas—waal, right thar, I snum, ef I didn't see a tarnal great beam a-layin' right across the track. J'rusha, hemlock an' lightnin'! What should I dew? I hadn't no more n seed the thing when I heerd the lightnin express a comin', a thunderin' up the road like all out possessed! I put myself ter that beam, but gosh, I mout as well 'ave tried to lift the airth itself. I couldn't budge it."

Here the narrator wiped his speckled brow, and took breath.

"I tell ye, boys, p'raps ye can jedge o' my feelin's 'bout that time, but I doubt it. I heerd the express comin' nearer and nearer, and pooty soon the head-light glared right inter my eyes. I give one more hoist at that ere beam, and had ter give it up. 'Twasn't no use. I could only stand back and let her rip.—And—boom! boom!—crash!—bang!—kerwhack!—along it come. The old engine flew by me like a streak, and the mighty puff of the long train almost took away my breath. I jest shet my eyes, and waited for the racket."

"Well," gasped two or three of the excited listeners, in concert, "What happened?"

"Why, the train went right along jest as easy as rollin off a log."

"And the beam—where was that? Goodness gracious! I can't see into it."

"The beam was gone," said Seth, backing away a step.

"Gone! Where? By thunder! I believe you're gummin' us. Whar had it gone?"

"Sho! Jest you be easy, and I'll tell ye. Ye see, when I stepped back ter let the train go by, my shadder fell right onto the track, and the beam had ter git up an' git. 'Twas a mewnbeam!"

He started for the door, but they caught him. There was no malevolence in their design, however. At the public expense he was permitted to take another pull at Trank's old Jamaica.

Politeness in Mexico.

In Guadalajara, says the Boston *Herald*, when you enter a street car you are expected, before taking your seat, to bow, but in hand, to your fellow passengers, none of whom you have ever before seen. Arrived at your destination you must rise, smile a benevolent farewell to the car in general, shake hands with the conductor, and, with a polite inclination of the head, take leave of the driver. And yet Guadalajara is the Boston of Mexico.

Not Hard to Please.

City Niece—Uncle Zeb, would you like to go to the opera this evening?

Uncle Zeb (just from the Uptheweek)—Gosh, Nellie, I ain't perticklar. Just as ilys go to the opery as anywhere else ef ther' ain't any good dog show.

Better Than Drugs.

Weeping Relative (of very sick statesman)—Doctor, is there no hope?

Experienced Physician—Only one. We must induce the newspapers to put his obituary in type.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.]

Tim.—See Mim.

Words.—See Max.

Ego.—See Tom Tum.

Sheablet.—See Midget.

Philler.—See Esperance.

Alibus.—See Caleb Cobb.

Dorothy.—S e Esperance.

Puck.—See Rip Van Winkle.

Eos.—Energy, candor and resolution.

Lady of the Lake.—See Twelfth Night.

Mel.—Sincerity, firmness and ambition.

Ethos.—Prudence, sincerity and self-will.

Calem Cobb.—Decision, reserve, sincerity.

Jill.—Impulse, intuition, tact and self-will.

Austin.—Prudence, energy and unselfishness.

Tum Tum.—Conceit, ostentation and firmness.

Philler.—Order, perseverance and self-esteem.

Claudia.—See Floridabell, and add self-esteem.

Rainbow.—Self-esteem, precision and generosity.

Mimi, Trenton.—Decision, joviality and precision.

Forget-me-not.—Order, self-reliance and generosity.

Fairy.—Order, moodiness, unselfishness and firmness.

Mim.—Self-will, erratic disposition and a little vanity.

Mach.—Ostentation, willfulness, self-esteem and opinion.

Sweet Sixteen.—Write again in your ordinary writing.

Tommy Sec.—Erratic disposition, honesty and originality.

Yvonne T.—Insincerity and ambition, self-will and ostentation.

Carrie.—Decision, a little carelessness, ambition and self-esteem.

Floradbell.—Prudence, sincerity, gentle temper and tenderness

An Old Married Woman.—Firmness, self-will, enterprise, and am ition.

Certain.—Decision, energy, a little vanity and good executive ability.

Miss Sarah, St Catharines.—Candor, caprice, self-esteem and carelessness.

N. G., Galt.—Vivacious, energetic, restless, playful in disposition, a little willful but sincere.

A. B. C., Kingston.—Self-esteem, selfishness, good intuition and executive ability.

Twelfth Night.—Romance of feeling, abruptness of manner, energy and candor.

Sue Van Winkle.—Vanity, determination, erratic disposition and keen sense of humor.

Midget C, Winnipeg.—Resolution, sympathy, sensitiveness and good intuition. The blue of much Esterge.

Hazelnut.—Must decline to answer that question. Writing shows order, impulse, will-power and self-esteem.

Bram Hope.—May thanks be for your consolation. Your writing shows indecision, gaiety, ambition and loyalty in friendship.

Esperance.—You are doubtless erratic and self-willed. I see no signs of indecision, on the contrary much firmness and self-reliance.

We Two.—Perseverance, candor, decision and tenderness. Blends ed shows self-esteem, resolution, a hopeful and unostentatious nature.

J. E. S.—Economical, decided, slightly selfish and inclined to be jealous. Do you know any person in this world who is not inquisitive.

Max.—Whether a love lot of cousins you are, and what jilly times you must have. Your writing exhibits self reliance, much sympathy, justice and candor.

Ethel.—The question is out of my department. Your writing shows determination, vanity, perseverance, courage, sincerity in friendship and ambition.

Tricky Dicksie.—Generosity, indecision and ambition. Plan your work and do not follow your natural inclination to rush through it, without consideration.

Olivia De Beauchamp.—You should describe it more fully. Is it dry, harsh, faded and brittle or oily and glossy? Writing denotes carelessness, a hopeful disposition, willfulness and self-esteem.

Constance O., Orillia.—Decision, caprice, energy and candor. We do not give addresses in this column, but I think the name and business will be sufficient to find the person you enquire of.

Eos.—Try something smaller than a novel. Write stories, short hits and poems. Your writing exhibits perseverance, considerable originality, hope unless and willfulness, with some insincerity.

Pataquet, Belleville.—Yours is a most refreshing letter. Belleville must be a model city. Extreme candor, self-reliance, humor, a wee bit of vanity, with decision and perseverance are shown by your handwriting.

Nesta, London.—Precision, earnestness, candor and firmness. No. 1. Gay disposition, somewhat hasty in temper, vivacious and sincere. No. 2. Like No. 1, with vivacity intensified. The latter is a beautiful specimen.

Robinson, Belleville.—Up to no good. Do you think you can accomplish "piety" in one week? Better spread a little over your whole life, my dear. Your writing shows courage, an indomitable resolution, tenderness and much self-esteem.

Little Miss Prim.—Do you think that the real stiff, starchy prudery can be so easily overcome by mental make-up? It is not published in book form. I do not find any marked difference in the three specimens. They exhibit gentleness of disposition, firmness and self-esteem.

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Pauline.—In almost all cases out of a thousand it will be necessary for me in your position to quietly sit still and say nothing. Rather severe advice is it not? If he does like you, he will be anxious that you should know it If he does not, you will be glad you "sat still."

Belinda B.—Your pathetic story of the request for delineation of character which for two months safely reposed in the proverbial pocket of the very much alive brother is very sad. What a large number of heartaches those same pockets contain. Order, some vanity, sympathy, tact and a hasty disposition.

Carrie, Montreal.—My opinion of a woman who would marry for money is that she is wanting in true womanliness and is ignorant of the ingredients of which happiness is composed. Money will not buy happiness; and do not under any circumstances marry a man who is wedding while another holds your affection. Such a marriage is a sin, and a sin which will bring its own punishment.

Dan.—You must have misunderstood me. A note of a few lines with a civilly-worded request for delineation of writing is sure to be answered. I admit that a carelessly bundled up manuscript of a dozen signatures clipped from old letters does not awaken much enthusiasm on my part. Very much disliks the decided irreverence displayed by your friend. Your writing exhibits originality, an erratic disposition, independence and self-esteem. I do not remember Dan.

Linda.—With the permission of the hostess, in an informal way. I presume you mean sore or blackheads. Wash the parts affected with hot water and borax solution in the proportion of two teaspoons to a quart has been added. Then dry gently, and with a warm hot press put the sore. Dabble the parts with cream and by morning the inflammation will have subsided and the sore disappeared. Writing shows affectionate disposition, impulse, justice and hopefulness.

Ella M., Montreal.—You are, I think, quite right. A course of reading, which embraces the standard authors as well as the most prominent of our own day, is an education, but the reading must be conscientiously and carefully attended to, to give benefit. A slipshod scurrying through books, with a nibble here and there and most attention devoted to the sentimental part, is well-nigh useless. Your writing I notice reserve, determination, caution and tact. Yes, write whenever I can assist you, but keep your chosen name. You nit bit wear violets on the black hat, or a cluster of shaded velvet pansies in purple shades.

Eloise.

A ROMANCE OF THE FLOOD.

They had parted coldly.

Richard Holmes had walked rapidly up the street to his boarding-place with a white face, sternly set lips, his hands clasped tightly behind him, and his whole frame quivering with wounded pride and keen disappointment.

Eloise Ellison had turned her pretty face homeward with a proud little toss, and a look of something like triumph in her coquettish dark eyes.

That she was a spoiled and petted beauty, every one in the village knew; and that she was as wilful and capricious and exacting, as she was bright and pretty—she was also every one knew as well. The only child of the wealthy mill-owner, from her very infancy indulged in her every wish and fawned upon by admiring friends, it was no wonder that she was, when she chose to be, a most tyrannical specimen of young womanhood.

She had chosen to be such the afternoon she met Richard Holmes, her father's bookkeeper, on the street, and allowed him to turn and walk beside her. It was raining, and she graciously closed her own elegant little umbrella to share the larger one he carried.

They had gone on together enjoying the rain, laughing and chatting gayly, gossiping in their light way about this and that happening in the social life of the village.

Perhaps he had chosen an inauspicious moment to declare his love and offer her his hand, but, inauspicious or not, he had spoken and received his answer.

They had exchanged a few hot words and then parted in a sudden frigidity which seized them both. She had added such scorn and disdain to her refusal that it was more than he could bear in silence. She had even insinuated to him that it was not herself he loved, but her father's wealth. She had wounded him cruelly and intentionally, and he had left her suddenly with a cold adieu.

Eloise raised her own umbrella with a defiant little laugh, and a glance at the retreating figure, and then turned homeward humming a fragment of the latest opera.

Her father's bookkeeper! Presume to offer her his hand! It was absurd!

Thus she communed with herself as she went on up the street to her home. She tried to be angry at the presumption of the man, but in spite of herself she could not. She had always admired him—yes, in a way she had quite liked him, and it was pleasing to her vanity to know he loved her—but, marriage—that was another thing, indeed, and quite out of the question!

For days and days it rained. It grew monotonous and wearisome.

Eloise, wandering aimlessly about the drawing-room, looking over a book abstractedly, striking a few chords on the piano, going from window to window to look out at the falling rain and the dismal landscape, was wretchedly lonesome and ill at ease.

Why did not some one come! Even Richard Holmes would be a welcome caller, if only to quarrel with. He used to drop in so often to play a game of chess or listen to her music. She wished she had not treated him quite so badly the other day. Why could she not have said, as other girls would have said, that she would be a sister to him? It had never occurred to her to say that. She wished she had been less unkind that day—wished that she had held him off a little longer at least—it used to be so pleasant to have him drop in for an hour or two.

The day was closing in dark and stormy. Eloise from the window looked at the swollen river, and the pools that stood here and there on the lawn.

Suddenly she stood erect, and looked eagerly at a well-known figure coming toward the house. It was Richard Holmes.

The girl stood watching his progress eagerly, as he picked his way among the pools of water, her lips parted, her pretty head thrown back, her dark eyes glad and bright.

"I am glad he is coming," she said, softly to herself, as she stood, surrounded by the creamy draperies of the window, waiting for him.

She heard his firm step on the piazza. She heard him ring the bell, and then speak a few words to the maid who opened the door.

Suddenly a great roar filled all the air, drowning the voices in the hall, drowning the silvery chime of the little French clock, drowning everything, swallowing up everything in its awful volume of sound. There was a terror in it unlike the heaviest crash of thunder—a strange and terrible menace in the sound, swelling and gathering and growing louder every moment.

Eloise stood paralyzed with fear. She was powerless to cry out, to move herself; she could only stand and listen to that awful, all-pervading roar.

She did not think what it might mean. She had heard vague rumors of fears for the great dam above, but had not heeded.

In a moment it was all over; the sound had come upon her in all its awfulness. She fell back, overpowered with terror, and became unconscious.

A violent blow on her head roused her to herself. She found herself floating on the strong current, borne along at a sickening speed, upheld by the strength and fury of the roaring waters.

Near her she saw the great elm-tree that had stood before the house ever since she was a child. It must have been a branch of that which struck her and brought her back to life.

With great dark eyes dilated with terror, and a face white and ghastly as the faces of the dead, the girl flew along. She had caught hold of the branches of the great tree, and was clinging with a grasp like death itself. Life was sweet—too sweet to lose. In her first moment of consciousness, she had thought of Richard Holmes. Where could he be! Drowned! O, God forbid—not drowned—the thought was dreadful to her. In a flash she was revealed to herself. She loved him—loved him with her whole heart—had loved him all the time without knowing it. What had he come to the door for that night? It seemed ages ago to her now—to bring a message of warning! Her father—was he safe? O heaven, that appalling darkness—that dreadful roar of rushing waters!

She raised her voice and called, "Richard!" It was lost in the roar of the flood. She tried again, summoning all her strength, and sending her clear voice out over the water—"Richard! Richard!"

She thought she heard a human voice, faint and far away—could it be his? He was near her when the flood struck the house; he might be somewhere near her now.

She raised her voice again, and called his name with a desperation born of fear and love. A dark object was floating near her, tossing up and down on the resistless current. She could see that it was a man, clinging to a mass of boards. The face was turned from her, but the head looked familiar. She called again, and the man turned and looked at her.

"Is it you, Eloise?" he screamed, and then she barely heard him—"you, Eloise! Thank God!"

She breathed a sigh of relief. She felt safe now—safe, even on the bosom of this rushing ocean of fierce waters and crashing debris—if he were near.

She saw that he was trying to get to her, but could not; that he dared not loose his hold of the boards and trust himself one instant in that mighty current. She could see his face white and agonized, turned to her—always to her. Something had struck him, and cut a gash in his head, and the blood was trickling down his pallid cheek; she could see it from where she clung in the branches of the elm-tree.

She did not know that one beautiful, white arm was bare to the shoulder and bleeding from a cruel blow she had received—she did not realize the pain in her head where the tree had struck her—such things were trivial now. Life was the only thing to be thought of—life—and death—if death should come.

A house came reeling down and struck the mass of boards to which Richard clung. The shock loosened his hold and tossed him far out in the water. The horrible under-current sucked him in and he sank from sight. The next moment his white face showed above the water. Such horror and despair Eloise had never seen as she saw there. One last appealing look at her, one cry from his white lips, and he was gone again. Eloise prayed—prayed as she had never dreamed of praying before; crying aloud for help and pity in this time of need.

Richard came to the surface again—near her this time. Could she reach him? Only a little nearer—he was half unconscious and could not help himself. She leaned far out over the dark torrent, holding to the tree firmly with one hand, and touched him with her hand—caught him by his collar and held his head above the water as they were borne along. She called to him wildly. He heard and understood, made one great effort to seize the branches of the tree, and at last with an almost superhuman strength, drew himself up into the sheltering arms of the old elm.

There he clung with what frail strength was left him; but he was too weak for words. It was too far for speech. The scene was more terrible than any of the imaginings of Dante. Great masses of timbers, that ten minutes before had been houses and homes, came rushing by with shrieking women clinging to them, and little children borne along upon them. Strong men were tossing like egg shells on the waters, and horses and cattle were plunging madly for life among the ruins of great barns that came crashing by. Now and then, some wild shriek or unearthly moan would mean the death cry of a human being going down to eternal sleep under the roaring waters.

A great mass of timbers came tearing along down the highway of death; with one blow it sent the elm tree spinning far ahead on the waters. Eloise and Richard were hurled into the air and fell together, clinging to whatever they could find—a door, a fence—anything to keep afloat. At last they clinched to the ridge-pole of a house and clung there. All night they floated, bruised and cut by heavy objects striking them, almost losing their hold many times, but never quite—tossing, plunging, flying with a speed that was terrible.

In the first gray dawn of morning they were rescued. Friendly hands drew them from their perilous position and bore them to a place of safety. There they lay for days unconscious. The shock had been too great—human endurance had been too sorely tried.

The physicians who dressed their wounds and the nurses who cared for them shook their heads gravely over the young strangers given so mercifully into their hands.

Richard woke to consciousness first, but lay with closed eyes, resting and trying to think why he was there and what had happened.

All at once he heard a voice he knew and loved. It was Eloise, delirious with fever. "Richard," she was saying, "I love you now, I loved you all the time, but I did not know it. Richard, did the horrible waters drown you? O, my darling!"

He opened his eyes and looked across the room toward the weak voice dying away into silence. What he saw was Eloise lying on the snowy cot with closed eyes and flushed cheeks—Eloise pitifully thin and changed, but Eloise still, despite the streaks of silver in her dark hair, and the lines of pain on her white brow, left there by the agony of that fatal night.

Richard, looking at her thus, loved her all the better for these marks of sorrow; they made her tenfold dearer to him; their mutual distress had welded together their souls forever.

. . . . . .

It was a very quiet, very brief ceremony that made them man and wife. It was no time for merry-making and rejoicing. Death and poverty were everywhere. Her father was among the lost; the servants were missing; many of her friends were gone from human sight forever. Every dollar of her father's wealth had been swept away. She was penniless. The beautiful home was entirely destroyed. Nothing that had been here remained.

Nothing she had loved in the old days was left her. Nothing? Yes, thank God, her husband—her good, brave Richard! They had gone together through that dreadful night, their paths henceforth through life lay side by side.

Eloise was a changed woman. What had been wrong in her became good. What had been vain and foolish became beautiful and pure. Her whole nature was changed—her heart ennobled and uplifted, made sweet and womanly and good.

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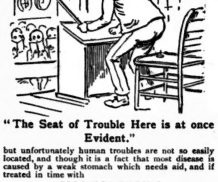

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and you will receive it by return post.

Vague Longings.

Paul (watching the feed)—Say, Ginny.
Virginia—Umpah! Paul.
Paul—Doan' yo' wish mammy 'n pappy 'd go 'n die!—*Judge.*

It is no wonder that her husband, tenderly stroking the dark hair with its streaks of silver, smiles and is thankful for her, rejoicing in her as the gift of the flood, which desolated so many hearts—glad and proud that she is in his home and at his fireside.

How the Poodle Escaped.

A touching story comes from Paris. In a certain famous school of medicine the professor was about to illustrate the effects of a particular mineral poison. He placed a little white poodle upon the table, and then, fondling it caressingly, he explained to his audience in a few simple words the exact nature of the operations, and the symptoms of the instructive agony they were to witness.

Then fastening the dog down into the torture trough, with the fine firm touch of the practised vivisector, he skilfully laid open one of the veins of the neck. With a cry of pain the animal writhed for a moment helplessly under the calm hand of the professor, when suddenly by some misfortune one of the fastenings gave way, and the poodle, with a bound the poodle was free, and stood bleeding on the other end of the operating table.

The vivisector put down the phial containing the poison he was about to inject into the wound, and was stepping round to catch the poodle, when the little animal stretched itself out flat upon the table, and began to crawl slowly towards him.

The whole attitude was expressive of penitence and submission, as though the creature were begging not to be punished any more. In another moment the dog would have been captured and put back properly into the torture trough, when it stood erect and began to turn head over heels.

The vivisector had before him a performing poodle, and the animal was saying as plainly as though it were in words, "See, you mustn't punish me any more, I will performe well." The antics over, the poodle resumed its attitude of submission, and crawling up to the professor, began to lick his hands.

To him the incident was nothing—only a little delay in an interesting experiment, but before it could be resumed the students were on their feet, and angrily telling the vivisector to put up his knife, declaring the poodle had earned its life.

The professor shrugged his shoulders at such a display of primitive emotion, but the students had their way.

Did Not Like Her Work.

Maude—Why have you thrown Clarence overboard?

Madge—I couldn't marry a man with a broken nose.

"How did his nose get broken?"

"I struck him playing tennis."—*The Epoch.*

Sad but too True.

A young man may have six girls, each of whom has promised to be a sister to him; but when a button comes off his overcoat, he has to sit down to the task just as though he were all alone in the world.

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In Sealed Jars.

Sometimes we stumble across people who repulse us by what are called their "ways." They are unhappy and so are their unfortunate companions. Their lamentations reach the horizon of their little self-world, and echo in our ears, though we would gladly escape the sound of their bitter crier.

They may have some tenderness; but we seldom catch a glimpse of its hiding place. They give grudgingly of their time, strength and money. If a favor is conferred, it is accompanied by such a weight of reluctance, such an apparent straining of the will that we cannot see the benefit because of the ungraciousness which surrounds it.

Of these people it may safely be said that the "milk of human kindness" is in sealed jars on inaccessible shelves of their hearts. The jars are warranted to stay sealed until judgment day and are jealously guarded by the churlish little dwarf—Selfishness.

In delightful contrast, we meet those sunny-natured beings whom the good fairies must have cared for in their baby hood. They seem totally unlike their fellow-creatures. Their goodness of heart finds outlet in numberless little kindnesses. When with them we are charmed, and in trying to analyze their attractiveness find ourselves hopelessly tangled up in a heap of complimentary adjectives and the memory of glad smiles.

Nothing is a trouble for one of these whole-souled beings. They make the obligation felt by reason of the kindness which accompanies it. It is as if the favored one were indebted to kind act plus willingness, and the latter should count for something.

Often these unselfish ones are imposed on—at least we say so. There lurks however a well-founded suspicion that, after all, they lose nothing. When every atom which unites to form that gaseous creation—happiness, has received its just value, it is likely that the sunny-faced man or woman will not be behind.

True kindness has a far-reaching power. It is an inspiration which gathers its like from every heart it enters.

The act which was its spokesman may be forgotten. The heart which owned it may have ceased to mark the moments, but, with its interest of good deeds, the original deposit will be a part of the sum total of the world's goodness.

Music.

Everybody that has read the legend pictured in so masterly a manner by Goethe, will have formed his ideal of the innocent village beauty whose love and unhappy fate figure so prominently in it. Both the intellectual and the personal will have been idealized in the mind of the reader, and probably the countless pictures drawn and painted by artists the world over have left a more or less distinct impress on the minds of the general public as to the general appearance of Marguerite. To this may be added, as a strong mnemonic, the costume characteristic of period and country. Well—I think everybody that was at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening will have found an incarnation of his ideal Marguerite in Miss Emma Juch. Her own distinctive type of beauty, and especially the sweet pure face, are so fitted to the part that one might almost suppose that Goethe had her in his mind's eye when he wrote the poem, and her voice has the exquisite purity, the fluency, and yet the sympathy that would lead one equally to imagine that Gounod had a prescience of her charms when he wrote the music.

To come down from the clouds, Miss Juch is a complete victor in consequence of the excellence of her performance as Marguerite. From the moment of her entry, when she sings the modest rebuke to Faust's ardent advances, until she reaches the climax of tragic effort in the last act, she displayed a beautifully graduated conception of the part, both musically and dramatically. She gave a most delightful rendering of the King of Thule aria, with its quaint interludes of maidenly retrospection of the words and looks of the strange lover. In the Jewel song she was excellent, though I have heard her sing it with more abandon. In the last act she rose to the demands of both music and dramatic situation, and many a tear was shed over her hopeless fate. Miss Juch's voice is in much better condition than it was a year ago, and left nothing to be desired in that respect. Her performance of Carmen took place too late for notice in this issue.

All hail! Franz Vetta! Two years ago I was delighted with your devil; now you are even better. You are a more intellectual Mephisto then you were! Your conception of the character is in every way greater and fuller, and your voice, though showing signs of weariness, is richer and broader. Your weakest point is the serenade, which lacks repose.

Tagliaferra gave us the traditional Italian Opera Valentine, and a very good one it was, too. He has the voice and the method, and though the former shows signs of use, he did excellent work. He was very strong in the denunciation of Marguerite. Miss Lizzie Macnichol has gained in roundness and fulness of voice, though she still sings with a "toothy" production which mars the purity of tone. She gave us a very bright Siebel, although she did not sing the Flower song as well as might have been expected. Chevalier Scovell disappointed me. His voice is not brilliant as a rule, and his Salve Dimora was far from smooth. His upper notes are clouded in quality, and his voice does not blend in concerted work. As an actor he is rather cold, and in the garden scene he did not seem to know how or where to hold Miss Juch. He is eminently respectable as a singer, but fails to rise to the plane we expect in Miss Juch's support.

The chorus was not as good in Faust as it was on the following evening. It was ragged in time and intonation and, if the soldiers' chorus especially, showed poor technical training. It was, however, really good and bright in William Tell, so much so that it was almost difficult to believe that it was the same chorus. The orchestra, under Mr. Neuendorff, was very good, considering its numbers and distribution. The wind section was excellent, but the strings were numerically weak, so that forte passages lost not well balanced in tonal color. This was especially noticeable in the William Tell and Freischuetz overtures. Still, what a blessed contrast the whole performances offered to the parodies of a fortnight before! The scenery was fairly presented and the costuming was excellent.

In William Tell the company was well suited and gave a very good performance. Two new comers were introduced to Toronto, Miss Georgine von Januschowsky and Mr. Charles Hedmondt. The lady is a fine dramatic soprano and an excellent actress. She has a strong resonant voice, and uses it with judgment and yet with freedom. Matilda is not a part that occupies the stage much and the lady (with the name that is pronounced just as it is spelt) made an impression much more worthy of her talent on Wednesday afternoon, as Agnes in Der Freischuetz. She gave an electric rendering of Softly Sighs, and altogether was a perfect success. Mr. Hedmondt is a fine lyric tenor and a splendid actor, and his Arnold and Rudolph were among the best characters presented during the short season. The noble trio between Tell, Arnold and Walter was sung with splendid dash and energy, and in the last act of Tell the trio for Matilda, Hedwiga and Jemmy was beautifully rendered. Miss Susie Leonhardt constantly gathered favor as the public heard more of her. Her Jemmy was sprightly and clever, but as Annie in Der Freischuetz, she achieved a great success, singing and acting the part mos charmingly. Her voice is very sweet and soft, and her vocalization is correct and flowing.

The amateurs seem to have aroused from their lethargy of the past season and we shall have some home talent performances before the season closes. Trial by Jury, the original and seed kernel, so to speak, of all the Gilbert and Sullivan successes, will be sung at the Grenadiers' entertainment. An enthusiastic party of leading amateurs is rehearsing assiduously under Mr. E. W. Schuch, and the same gentleman has a chorus of forty male voices hard at work getting up a minstrel performance for the end of May.

Next week brings us Madame Albani in Traviata on Tuesday evening, which I believe will be the first performance of Verdi's beautiful opera in Toronto. Albani's Fora e lui will be a gem well worth hearing. The Choral Society will give its final concert of this season on Thursday evening when Hiller's song of Victory and Gade's Spring's Message will be sung.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

The Juch engagement at the Grand Opera House during the first half of the week and the light attractions at the other houses have deprived the dramatic column of its substance this week. The appearance of the genial and popular comedian, Sol Smith Russell, on Thursday evening is of course too late for notice here, even if his play was not seen in Toronto before, and if he himself is not as familiar to us as the land. But Mr. Russell does not need to be introduced to Toronto playgoers. He is welcomed as rapturously at each reappearance as ever he was. There is only one Sol Smith Russell and we only see him at long intervals. We greet him as we do the strawberry season, and are just as sorry when he goes away. Before this will be in the readers' hands Mr. O. B. Sheppard's benefit night will have come and gone and there is little doubt that, as on former benefit nights to that gentleman, the house will be crowded to the doors. There probably has never been a season when such excellent theatrical companies were brought to Toronto. With the exception of the Booth-Modjeska and the Florence-Jefferson companies we have been visited by most of the best traveling companies in America. Of the English companies which came to America last fall we had the Kendals. But Mr. Russell does not come to us, in the Kendals and Edwardes' Gaiety company. To Mr. Sheppard's enterprise in securing such companies and plays the theater-going public of Toronto is much indebted. In addition to this he has always endeavored to make his theater as comfortable and pleasant as it possibly can be made and that he has succeeded in providing an excellent house of entertainment all his patrons can testify. He deserves the hearty commendation of every lover of good theatricals in Toronto. And both himself and his house are as popular with the profession as they are with our own people.

At the Academy of Music A. B. Hyers' Colored Musical Comedy company has been doing fair business all week. The performance is something of the nature of a minstrel show, being composed of plantation songs, dances, etc. While scarcely up to the standard of a Toronto theater, yet the show is a fairly good one. May C. Hyers is the star and is a bright, clever woman, who sings and dances very well. She is supported by some very good voices. The part songs are very taking. Next week Louis James as Othello, and Mr. Greene's benefit on Monday night.

Gus Hill's World of Novelties, at Jacobs & Sparrow's, has proven to be one of the best variety shows that has been seen in Toronto this season, although we have had a number of excellent ones. There is not a stick in the whole company, while some of the performers are unsurpassed in their particular lines. Of these last may be mentioned Pirung, in his foot-juggling act, and Gus Hill in club swinging. Mamie Goodrich and Harry McBride do an excellent song and dance act, the former being particularly clever in dancing with a skipping rope. Billy Carter, as a black-face artist with his banjo, was very entertaining. Mr. C. W. Williams gives a splendid ventriloqual exhibition. The rest of the programme was of an equally satisfactory nature.

At Jacobs and Sparrow's all next week Pete Baker and his company will appear in his new play, The Emigrant. Of the play the Toledo *Times* says: "The Emigrant is a comedy drama full of emotional incidents and startling situations. The adventures of the emigrant, a German lad, who has been in America for a short time, were ludicrous as well as thrilling, and the audience was kept in an almost continual roar of laughter. Baker as the emigrant displays his ability as a dialect comedian, and he received the hearty compliments of the large audience. His support was very fair. W. H. Hines as Dennis McGraw, Hi Horton as the insurance agent, little Irene as Baby Kate, and Miss Earl Remington as Lizette the German girl, each pleased the audience to an eminent degree."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. Charles Coughlan, who is not acting this season, occupies his time in writing a play and directing his daughter's preparation for the stage. He is at Prince Edward's Island.

The favorite relaxation of Mrs. John Wood, the celebrated English actress, is kite-flying. See has a bungalow at Birchington, and from there has frequent trials of this harmless and healthful sport.

Coquelin has learned much from his tour with Jane Hading, with whom he never spoke for months, except when acting with her. He takes Mme. Judic with him when he goes to South America in a few months, and he has an iron-bound contract by which Mme. Judic pays a heavy fine every time she refuses to do just as he says.

An amusing example of the prevalent American belief in the broadness of English pronunciation occurred during the Kendals' last night in San Francisco. Kendal, as Sir John Molyneux, had offered to drive to the station his brother-in-law, George Desmond, who is leaving for Rio, and has had his pet pair of cobs harnessed for the purpose. During the somewhat lengthy farewell which Desmond takes of his wife, Sir John is on tenter-hooks and ventures to remark that the cobs do not like standing. A few minutes later, he finds the good-bye still unfinished, and after hesitating a bit between his natural disinclination to interfere and his affection for his horseflesh, he breaks in with: "I don't want to hurry you, George, but the cobs, you know, the cobs." There was a general laugh. "What did he say?" asked a lady in the dress circle. "Something about a cob—he means cab, you know," was the explanation.

During Holy Week Robert Mantell was posing for the finishing touches of his portrait as Fabian Del Franchi. While the sitting was in progress there was a timid knock at the door, and Mantell, who was minus his coat and waistcoat, hurriedly hid himself behind a drapery as two young ladies entered the studio.

"May we see your portrait of Mr. Mantell?" they asked.

"Certainly," replied the painter; "there 'it is."

"Oh, there he is, the lovely creature! He is just too sweet for anything!" they exclaimed in unison, and before the astonished artist could interfere, they had both leaned forward and kissed the canvas. On hearing the double osculation, Mantell threw aside the curtain and struck a Romanesque attitude.

"And shall not the original have one, also?" he whispered tenderly.

There was a simultaneous shriek from the ladies, and a moment later they were speeding downstairs pell mell without waiting for the elevator.

Stories of the early struggles, heart-burnings, obstacles, hardships and griefs of the great ones of the stage have a fascination all their own. Madame Modjeska has given an account, in the *Arena* of her first appearance in Warsaw as Adrienne Lecouvreur. She had encountered the usual rebuffs, jealousies and other afflictions of the new comer in a theatrical company, and came to her initial appearance with painful trepidation.

"I received a very pleasant greeting from the audience," she writes, "though it was immediately hushed into silence by some more diffident spectators. And what a deep silence it was! You never notice such listening on this side of the ocean. Our audiences come to the theater really to enjoy a performance, and therefore they listen and look in an almost reverent manner, so as not to love one intonation, one delicate shading of the voice, nor one slight gesture, one passing expression of the face. After the first line I lost my fear, after a few of them I was in my part. Meantime the silence continued until I came to the fable of the pigeons. At its close there burst in the theater such a storm of applause as I had never heard before, and only seldom afterward. A few moments later, at my first exit, the applause was repeated in the same manner. I was so overcome that I could not hold myself on my feet, and fell on my knees behind the wings.

"The first success gave me courage and inspiration. I played as one can only play for life or death. The public, once well disposed, showered upon me the favors of its encouragement. And then came the last act, which was, as it is now, one of the most beloved scenes. When the curtain fell on poor dead Adrienne the public did not want to leave the theater. They called and called, and the curtain was raised time and again. But my greatest, or at least the most high-priced, triumph was reached when the actors who had played the parts of the Prince and of Michonnet, our great Zolkowski, the most perfect comedian I have ever seen, and Richter, only second to him, came and embraced me with tears in their eyes, greeting me as a sister in art. After them appeared in my dressing-room all the members of the company, those who had been friendly and those who had been hostile, and congratulated me in the most affectionate way.

"The next day the president called to ask me to prolong my present appearances to twice their former number and to propose to me an engagement for life to the Imperial Theater. The press praised me much above my deserts, and as to society—well, during the following two or three days it left at my door about 3,000 visiting cards (which I have kept for curiosity's sake) and I don't know how many invitations to reception, dinners, balls, etc. The battle was won."

A Clever Canadian.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson was born at the family residence, Chiefswood, on the Six Nation Indian Reserve, Brant County, Ontario, north shore of the Grand River, ten miles east of the City of Brantford. Her father, George Henry Martin Johnson, Onwanonsyshon (He-who-has-the-great-mansion), was head chief of the

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Mohawks. Her mother, Emily S. Howells, an English woman, was born at Bristol, England. Miss Johnson's paternal grandfather was the distinguished John Sakayenkwaenghton (Disappearing mist) Johnson, usually called John Smoke Johnson, a pure Mohawk of the Wolf clan and speaker of the Six Nation Council for forty years; he fought for the British through the war of 1812 15, and was noted for his bravery. The name of his paternal great-grandfather was Tekahionwake, but when christening him "Jacob" at Niagara, Sir William Johnson, who was present, suggested they christen him Johnson also, after himself; hence the family name now used as surname.

Miss Johnson was educated at home by governesses and afterwards at the Brantford Model School. She is an earnest member of the Church of England, and was christened Pauline after the favorite sister of Napoleon Bonaparte, who was Chief Johnson's greatest hero. It is an interesting fact that, with her birth-claim to the honorable name of a Mohawk Indian, she possesses an uncommon gift of felicitous prose as well as an acknowledged genius of verse. Her first verse appeared in the Gems of Poetry, New York. She is a constant contributor to various Canadian papers—*The Week*, SATURDAY NIGHT, and the *Globe*, also prose articles in the Boston *Transcript*.

While her muse has a veiled humor, in such lines as she occasionally offers anonymously to various comic papers, including *Life* of New York, in her more serious moods she rises to sublimity of terse diction, in which we discover inherited Indian grandness of conception that is unmistakably marked. Her Death Cry rings with the vigor and fire of ancestral heritage. Her Canadian verses, Muskoka and others ring strong with national loyalty, while her religious verse chants devotional and fervid with zeal and pious reverence. We believe Miss Johnson gains much of her healthy imagination and vigorous sentiment from her love of nature and out-of-door sports. She is never happier than when in boating flannels in a canoe, and never more at home than when under canvas camping or steering a toboggan through the snows of a Canadian winter and its zero atmosphere. In canoeing she is noted for her dexterity with the paddle, and it is her boast that she can steer her canoe through a rapid stream as no other lady can: it is a fact that in this she has no rival. In concluding this paper it may not be an intrusion on the privacy of a letter which I have had the privilege of reading, written by Miss Johnson to a friend, to quote these words: "Much of my poetry has been dreamed of in my boat, and I would have my canoe associated always with the songs I give the world, for it was father to most of them; and above all I am proud of my Iroquois blood and of my noble Mohawk ancestors, from whose wild, beautiful life, and through whose lovely poetry of belief I have inherited whatever gift of song I may possess."—*The 20th Century Review.*

It Fell Flat.

One day, as a Sixth avenue barber shop had but one empty chair, a man wearing a very big hat and walking with a great deal of swagger, entered, hung his hat on a peg, and then drawing a revolver he turned to the idle man and said:

"I want a shave—just a common shave. I want no talk. Don't ask me if I want a hair cut or a shampoo. Don't speak of the weather or politics. If you do I'll shoot."

He took the chair, held the revolver across his legs, and was shaved with promptness and despatch. When he got up he returned the shooter to his hip pocket, put on his hat, and after a broad chuckle he said to the cashier:

"That's the way to keep a barber quiet. He didn't utter a word."

"No, sir—he couldn't."

"Couldn't?"

"No, sir; he's deaf and dumb."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Injured Innocence.

Police Magistrate (to tough-looking customer)—If you did not steal this watch, as you claim, how does it happen that you were found with it hidden in your bootleg?

Prisoner (haughtily)—That's where I always carry my watch, your honor!

In April.

For Saturday Night.

I.

Outlined in red and saffron
Against a ground of gray,
Where last year's sedge overhangs the edge
That marks the river's way,
On shores so gray, and dull, and bare,
On shores so seeming dead—
The lips of life are breathing where
The willows turn to red,
Enriching all the somber air
With glints of gold and red.

II.

Without a dash of color,
Untouched by red or gold,
The empty days are garbed in grays,
All passionless and cold,
O! heart of mine so dull and bare,
O! heart so seeming dead,
Thou hast no gems to number where
Love flashes gold and red,
He never limns the somber air
For thee with gold and red.

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The Poet's Mission.

For Saturday Night.

When Time was young and gods and men
But lived for love and glory,
And deeds too great for tongue or pen
Were done in battles gory,
No poet strove with ready lyre
To twang each hero's praises,
Who raged in war, then soothed his ire
In love's enchanting mazes;
But when their names had lingered long
And lived in vague tradition,
The poets wove them into song,
For that's a poet's mission.

No bard e'er sung a song of war
Amid the battle's clangor,
When sounds of fury rolled afar
And hearts were fierce with anger;
And even lays of tender tone,
Of friendship's ties unbroken,
Come oft from hearts that muse alone
O'er some reminding token.
Some power has bound each poet fast,
He knows by intuition,
He's but inspired to sing the past;
For that's a poet's mission.

But when our careless years have passed
And shadows gather round us,
We'll meet again and learn how fast
Unnumbered ties have bound us.
Then he who sings of happier days,
Of scenes we all will cherish,
And of the good old fashioned ways
We think should never perish,
Will surely find that gods inspire
And give to hopes fruition.
If for the past he tunes his lyre,
He'll have a poet's mission.

P. MCARTHUR

What She Did Not Say.

"I wish to tell you," she firmly said,
"Yes, once for all"—here she caught his eye—
"When faith is ended and hope is dead"—
She looked as if she would like to cry.

"Whatever of love—but that time is past,
That dream is over. You needn't speak;
The bitter truth you must know at last.
Oh! I will be strong, though I have been weak.

"But now that you plainly understand"—
Her soft voice faltered, he drew more near—
"I need say no more"—here he caught her hand;
And the word he murmured was simply "Dear!"

And then, as a loving woman should,
She wept on his heart in the old sweet way,
And she said no more, but he understood,
Ah! better far, what she did not say.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES, in *Judge.*

A Parable of the Soul.

Hear ye this parable. A man
Did plant a garden. Vine and tree
Alike, in course of time, began
To put forth fair and pleasantly.
The rain of heaven, the persuading sun
Came down alike on each and every one.

Yet some trees wilful grew. And some
Strong vines grew gayly in the sun
With gaudy leaves, that ever come
To naught. And yet each flaunting one
Did flourish on triumphantly and glow
Like sunset clouds, in all their moving show.

But lo, the morning found them not!
The soul had perished from them. Seed
And shell and leaf were left to rot,
To furnish nourishment indeed,
To palmer tree and lowly creeping vine
That grew as grew the Husbandman's design.

Hear then this lesson: hear and heed.
I say that chaff shall perish; say
Man's soul is like unto a seed
To grow against the Judgment Day.
It grows and grows, if he will have it grow:
It perishes, if he must have it so!

JOAQUIN MILLER in the *Independent.*

Thwarted.

When first we met it was agreed
That we should banish Cupid.
She thought him simple; so indeed
Did I, and called him stupid.
"And what's the use," said she, "of his
Impertinent attendance?"
Adding, with zest, "My motto is,
A friendly independence!"

So in the walts around her waist
She let my arm go stealing;
Meanwhile with constant ease she traced
The cherubs on the ceiling.
And what I could not interpret, and
Though ignorance was pleasing—
Was that her tiny plump white hand
Did not object to squeezing.

Then out of friendship I began
Directly to discover
That naturally girl and man
Grew into girl and lover.
I told her so; and when I did—
Her modest love confessing—
Her face upon my breast she hid,
And Cupid asked the blessing!

—*Harper's Bazar.*

Noted People.

Olive Schreiner is living at Cape Town, Africa.

Herbert Gladstone will visit the United States and Canada during the coming summer.

Charles J. Bellamy re-wrote his Experiment in Marriage three times and revised it five times before publication.

Mrs. Mary Edna Hill Gray Dow of Dover, N. H., is the first woman who was ever elected president of a street car company.

Tolstoi's work, The Kreutzer Sonata, which was forbidden in Russia, will shortly appear at Berlin, in Russian, German, English and French.

Miss A. M. Machar of Kingston is the author of Stories of New France, while her poem on Browning in the *Century* attracted considerable attention.

Balzac's home in the Faubourg St. Honore, Paris, has been destroyed and the estate upon which it stood added to the Baroness de Rothschild's private park.

Swinburne is said to love all beautiful women, whether married or single, though it is rumored that he has never been known to propose to any lady.

Rider Haggard's new novel, Beatrice, is to have a heroine drawn from life. She is the daughter of a Welsh clergyman and entertains strange views on religious matters.

The ex-Empress Eugenie of France is editing for publication the letters of her husband and her son. The profits of the book will be given to the widows of soldiers who fell in the war of 1870.

Truro Cathedral has recently received a large number of valuable gifts, including a silver-gilt flagon for the celebration of the Holy Communion, which is an offering from Alexandra, Princess of Wales and Duchess of Cornwall.

The Austrian Emperor has sent his portrait and autograph, together with the Grand Cross of the Francis Joseph Order, to General Keith Fraser, British Military Attache at Vienna for nearly five years. The distinction is exceptional.

Robert Louis Stevenson, it has been said, is not in sympathy with Zola's method of portraying truth. He speaks thus strongly: "I may say that familiar as I am with French life I have never seen anything to justify the brutality painted by Zola."

Miss Grace H. Dodge is said to have a faculty for being pleasant to reporters. She manages programmes so delightfully that it is an easy matter to present correct reports of the various undertakings of the Working Girls' Society of which Miss Dodge is president.

William Black, the novelist, is a man of less than medium height, muscular and compact of build. His hair is black, worn closely clipped, and he has a sweeping mustache that a cavalry man might envy. He lives in plain rooms in Buckingham street, London, overlooking the Thames.

A proposal is on foot among some ladies in London society to erect a statue to the Princess of Wales. The suggestion is that a statue of Her Royal Highness, in her robes as Doctor of Music, should be placed as a companion to that of the Prince of Wales in the hall of the Royal College of Music.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has a curious old silver teapot which was once the property of the Harvard University tutor, Flynt, whose term of service extended from 1654 to 1690. It is possibly the brew from this historic urn which inspires the Autocrat's lucubrations Over the Tea Cups.

The King of Holland is in a condition which may lead to his death at any moment. Every preparation has been made in anticipation of his majesty's demise. Queen Emma transacts all state business. The king is really an imbecile and his physicians are astonished that he should have survived so long.

The vestry of Trinity Church, New York, has accepted an offer made by Mr. William Waldorf Astor, to furnish the church with magnificent bronze gates as a memorial of his father, the late John Jacob Astor. In their general design, the famous gates of the baptistry at Florence will serve as models, and they will be executed with the highest skill obtainable. The cost of them will not fall short of $100,000.

Ibsen takes a very light breakfast, a half-cup of black coffee and a bit of bread, and begins his work punctually at nine and continues it till one. He then takes a walk before dinner, does his reading in the afternoon, sups early, and goes early to bed. Even on journeys he endeavors to adhere to this order of the day as closely as circumstances permit. He prefers summer to winter for work, and as a rule gives his dramas their final shape during the warmer and more genial season.

An Englishman is like a bear if anyone steps on his lawn. You know the story told of Tennyson? Several ladies, anxious to see him, paid a pilgrimage to his country-seat. Tennyson was seated on the front steps smoking an old pipe when they appeared in the distance. The old poet watched them crossing his lawn, and his brow lowered. "Is this Lord Tennyson? Well, we're so sorry to intrude. We wish to apologize for entering in this uncceremonious fashion——" "Then why don't you go?" said Tennyson, curtly, surrounding himself with a cloud of tobacco smoke.

Miss Kate Field lately appeared before a committee of Congress to make an argument for the repeal of all duties on works of art. Among other things, she said that the reason American women buy their clothes in Paris is because French designers and workers, being born into an artistic environment, have the artistic instinct and faculty far more largely developed than our own. Like conditions here would produce like results, she thought, and with equal means of artistic cultivation we should be able to buy equally artistic garments at home, and keep our money in the country. The faultless French gown, cloak and bonnet in which Miss Field made her plea added force to her argument, for which she has been formally thanked by the fourteen hundred artists composing the National Art League.

A Week in Cuba---No. 9.

NEXT morning, after our jaunt through Santiago de Cuba, we awoke and found the ship still at anchor, the lighters being loaded and swarms of Africo-Spanish stevedores making the air purple with their shouts and profanity. Some of the ladies of the first Santiago families came aboard to inspect the vessel and pick up a few new styles. They were beauties—or at least they believed themselves to be almost too pretty to look at. Their voluminous white skirts were starched to cardboard, and they crackled as the dames walked in a stately bantam-hen style along the deck. One young girl caught my eye and kept it for half an hour. She was probably fourteen years old, but it must be remembered that girls of that age are young women in tropical countries. Her hair was done up in a knob, and in the eagerness to make it fast it had been pulled back so tightly that every individual hair was taut as a piece of steel wire; she wore no hat or gloves, and the upper half of her appeared to be fully thirty years old according to Canadian ideas of development. It was when the enraptured eye fell to a level with her skirts that surprise set in. She was still in short clothes, her knees and what the gay young woman who had been flirting with the purser alleged to be her pantalets, being in view. I can assure you I would not have looked had I not been asked to, but her stockings were something too funny for anything. They were evidently a pair of her mother's cut over to fit a smaller limb and the job had been clumsily attended to. They had no more shape than a gun-cover and had wrinkled down over her shoes in a way which suggested the absence of garters. The ladies of our party laughed as this young woman strutted along the deck utterly unconscious of anything odd in her attire, but the speculative Mr. Hounum was hunting for an interpreter; he said he could make money out of her as a freak. As Miss Pantalets descended the gangway, escorted by a gay young Cuban, she lifted her skirts in an airy—we thought an unnecessary—way and her mother, crackling along behind, smiled proudly at her fascinating daughter and the swarthy youth. Our physician, after diagnosing the case, admitted that the young lady wasn't hard to please in hosiery, but he was likely to get a very proud and indulgent mother-in-law who, from her appearance, would doubtless be able to provide second-hand stockings for a whole family. I don't know why I should tell this story except as typical of Cubans, who are said to fondly believe if they have on a starched dress or vest that they are clean even though they have neglected their bath.

The sail along the southern shore of Cuba is a lovely one and everyone was happy and well. No voyage is pleasant if one is sick or one's friends are incapable of joining in the pleasure. The scenery, though not particularly grand, is attractive and the weather had none of the chill of our winter, but all the charm of soft winds without oppressive heat. The entrance to the harbor of Cienfuegos is much like that of Santiago de Cuba only the castle and hills are left out. The bay itself is enormous and thoroughly land locked. As we entered the enclosure the city beyond was dim in the distance, yet nearly every fathom was good and safe anchorage. The commerce of the port is nothing compared to its capacities, and for the first time since leaving New York we were able to lay alongside the wharf. Yes, dearest, it was hot, hotter than an August embarkation on the Chicora. This was the end of our voyaging on the Ward line, which has its terminus here. The health and customs officers came aboard adorned with stripes and cuffs as elegant as if they were Knights of Pythias on parade. They drank some more of the captain's brandy and soda and confessed after several drinks that they would not object to champagne. This last argument convinced them that the ship, crew and passengers were healthy and harmless and we were permitted to disembark. I beg to acknowledge the courtesy of the officials who saw in my lame leg and decrepit baggage signs of honest intention and let me through without any examination. Before I left the ship I advised my fellow passengers to act together or they would get the worst of it at the hotel, but they remembered Santiago de Cuba and thought there wasn't much in it. They all walked to the Hotel Union, the best in the place, but I couldn't walk and had to wait till the hotel runner sent a hack for me. As he perhaps saw in me a prospective marplot the hack was not sent for an hour and during the involuntary wait I superintended the baggage which my friends, apparently thinking themselves still in a white man's country, had left to the interpreter and he in turn to a burly negro. I tossed the job from a distance; there were too many brunettes banging our stuff around to admit of any back-talk from me. It gave me a certain amount of pleasure, however, to see the elaborate steamer chairs of the fastidious invalid from New York tossed into something like a hay-rack, followed by his fine cushions, which served for a few moments as baseballs till they fell on the wharf. After that a half dozen lusty Cubans had fun seeing who could kick them into the wagon. The trunks belonging to the lady from California had odd scraps of lace, etc., projecting from under the lid; remarks were passed upon them and ineffectual efforts made to pull some of them out. Nothing would come, but I shouldn't wonder if it was damaged a little. My eye, however, was fixed upon a pile belonging to the pensive tourist from Toronto, and when I saw an able-bodied coon start homeward with my overcoat and rug I forgot my sciatica and sprang upon him with typhoid fever in my eye and some heated Spanish on my breath. He professed innocence, and the man in charge of the load was profuse in his apologies. At any rate I was glad I had been forced to linger, and if you ever travel in Cuba or any other Spanish-American country I advise you not to lose sight of your baggage.

The heat in that long, unclean shed was bad, but the odors and the dust were worse and worst. I had to wait nearly an hour for a hack and when I arrived at the Hotel Union it was warm inside and out. The proprietor regretted to state that all the lower rooms had already been engaged, I regretted to state that I had been left blistering in a filthy freight shed for an hour because his interpreter had failed to send me a carriage. He assured me that such an unfortunate thing had never before happened in the history of Cienfuegos. I assured him that it was extremely fortunate, or half the baggage would have been stolen. It was incredible, he protested, that his man had not protected our valuables. I protested that he knew better, and insisted on having a good room. The best room in the house was still vacant, and the gentleman who he was pained to see was lame, should have it. Where was it? On the top floor! No, I wanted one more easy of access. It was impossible, they were all filled. Then move somebody out! No, he had already moved all the regular lodgers. Then I modestly demanded his own room. Certainly, but it also was on the top floor. This stuck me for a moment, but I turned upon him with a demand to know what I was to be charged. "Go and see the room, senor, before I tell you, it is gr-r-r-and, magnificent!" No, I was not running upstairs and down to see rooms; I must know the price before I accepted it. Five dollars a day! Not by a jugful—two dollars a day was nearer right. The hotel man was furious, but I continued to insist upon an agreement of some sort and we compromised on four dollars a day, meals included, fractions of a day not to be charged as full days. At last I was shown my room on the third floor where the apartments are always better and more handsomely furnished than any others in a hot country and are charged more for. The room was really magnificent, tile floor, rugs, canopy bed, elaborate furniture and an outlook unsurpassed in the city. The interpreter asked me if I was satisfied. No, I was not but it would do. He went away in a rage but I was right; if they imagine you to be pleased they will sit up all night trying to load you up with extras.

After I had washed I went down stairs and found a very hilarious party in the capacious parlor off Mr. Orrin's room. Mr. George W. Orrin, well known among circus managers and proprietor of a show in Mexico city, had run the theaters of Havana for some years, was a star guest of Hotel Union and could afford to be merry. I enquired the cause of the fun and was told that the interpreter after leaving me had paused to tell them that the large, lame gentleman had a very bad temper, quite the worst he had ever seen. During the day and a half spent in Cienfuegos I was known as the large, lame gentleman with the exceedingly bad temper, but at the close of the performance I had my turn to laugh and I didn't waste it.

Cienfuegos (which means a hundred fires), is a clean and handsome city, newer and more Americanized than any other in Cuba and deserves to be visited by tourists. Its plaza would shame Toronto, its Mechanics' Institute, cafes and Hotel Union are all as elegantly appointed as the best of our own, while its theater, just being completed, is ahead of anything in Canada. A rich American, I have forgotten his name, left in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million dollars to build the theater, and the money has been wisely and tastefully expended. I don't believe New York itself has anything handsomer. The churches are fine, especially the cathedral, where the saints wear gaudy frocks, and even the image of our Saviour has not escaped the milliner. The city is only credited with a population of eight or ten thousand, but its plaza is a model, stone seats on either side of the walks, cut stone pavement and a band playing beneath the shadow of tropical trees. The Cubans know how to enjoy life when the Spaniards give them a chance to quit paying taxes for a few minutes.

Hotel Union itself is enjoyable if one knows how to order one's dinner, otherwise, outside of structural beauties, it is intolerable. An open space in the center of the house contains a fountain and some trees, the upper corridors and the gallery surrounding the quadrangle are paved with tiles and all the modern improvements are at your hand until you get into bed and then you find you are still in Cuba. A wire mattress is covered by a slippery linen sheet and you are provided with a cotton covered sand-bag for a pillow and a blanket, which completes the outfit. The night was unusually cold and towards morning what with the breeze circulating under me and the twin breezes above I took a chill and this was the experience of nearly every American in the house. I rang for a waiter and in the course of an hour I wakened somebody and was brought some rum, which is the fashionable drink in those latitudes. It was probably good rum, it not only warmed me, but it knocked right at it, and when I awoke next morning my mouth and throat were so dry that I could have lit a match on my tongue. The interpreter said I overdid it. Possibly. The stuff tasted like thin molasses, but it acted like overproof coal oil. When I went to tub myself in the two-quart dish provided by the hotel I noticed that I was nicely stamped with the pattern of the wire mattress. It looked real nice, and when I undressed next night I could still trace the pattern. I inquired if the others had had the same experience. The ladies were naturally reticent, but admitted their preference for the American bed. One of them, however, stated that she had more stamping with her than she could embroider in a month.

I forgot to tell about our first dinner in a Cuban hotel. We had adopted the American plan, as the bill of fare was hard to decipher. The soup was cold and thin, the fish thin and bony, but when we struck the *entrees* we had a treat. It was rice and something. Dr. Rogers, after careful examination, declared it to be rice and pulverized plaster fried in hair oil. None of us liked it and I don't imagine that even at the point of horrible death by starvation I could ever acquire the morbid taste necessary to a relish of that compound. The meat was scanty, but hair oil sauce thickened with canned mushrooms made it go around. A salad followed, composed of one leaf of lettuce, a hollow radish and more hair oil. Up to this point I had permitted the waiter to bring what he liked, but by urgent representations I persuaded him to bring another kind of meat. It satisfied me. I don't know what it was. After I got one swallow I rose up and went forth to a drug store to get something to take the taste out of my mouth. We had been assured that we had the whole bill to select from—and the bill was as long as your arm—but when we came to select few things were cooked, and when a readiness to wait was expressed the discovery was invariably made that the article ordered was not in the house. We sat up late trying to hunt out something on the bill of fare we could eat, but went to bed hungry. Good night. DON.

The Rival Schools.

Trinity Talk.

Baseball is now in full swing at college, cricket practice having not yet commenced; the men are working hard, and in the matches which will be played next week, may be expected to give a good account of themselves. On Saturday last a team, consisting chiefly of graduates, was defeated by the College nine by a score of forty-three to three. The reason of the defeat being such a bad one, may be put down to the late arrival of the grads.' catcher, who failed to put in an appearance till both nines had left the field. A game of ball will be played with the Wycliffe College nine on the Trinity grounds, on Thursday next, and with the Beavers of Parkdale, May 3.

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Yesterday afternoon saw a large audience assembled in the Trinity convocation hall, at the second of the course of ambulance lectures, the subject of the day being Medical Emergencies, which was treated by Dr. Ryerson in a thoroughly interesting manner.

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At the morning service to-morrow Rev. A. G. Mortimer, headmaster of St. Austin's School, Staten Island, will preach a sermon for the degree of D.D. Those who have been fortunate enough to hear Dr. Mortimer will remember him as a powerful and eloquent preacher.

On Friday last the Trinity Quartette Club, consisting of Messrs. Howden, Kennedy, Stevenson and Chappell, took part in a large concert at Milton. The following glees were given: May Day and Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming. The solos given by Mr. F. B. Howden were enthusiastically encored. A trio by Messrs. Howden, Kennedy and Chappell was also much appreciated. This concert will close the season for the Glee Club the men having found more time was required for practice than they could well afford at this time of the year.

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On Thursday evening last a fair sized audience was present at the first Science meeting of the term. Mr. McKenzie of Toronto read a clever paper on Some Biological Methods of Research, which showed him to be a thorough master of the subject. After some discussion of minor topics a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. McKenzie.

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Cricket practice will begin, the weather being favorable, the first of next week. The first match of the season will be played on May 10 with East Toronto on their grounds. Matches have been arranged with Toronto for May 24, with Trinity School for May 31, and a two days' match with Varsity for the Friday and Saturday of the first week in June. A large sized square in the center of the old cricket crease is now being sodded and will be used for matches during the latter part of the season, the earlier matches being all played on foreign grounds. CRICUS.

As if we did not suffer enough from the storms which beset about without, must we conspire also to harass one another.

Multitude of jealousies, and lack of some predominant desire that should marshal and put in order all the rest, maketh any man's heart hard to find or sound.

Art and Artists.

I am enabled to give this week an engraving from Mr. J. W. L. Forster's academy picture for this year, The Rival Schools. This work is something of an experiment. In it Mr. Forster has to a certain extent set aside the conventional ideas of picture composition, which follow the principle of concentrating the interest on a central figure around which are localized all the strongest effects of light and color. Mr. Forster has violated this canon of the schools. He has confined his strongest light to the sky, and has made it his lightest note of color. Thus the figures are necessarily left to take care of themselves and the light is not, as it usually is, concentrated where the story of the picture is told. He has by flinging a wall across the picture precluded himself from bringing his figures into relief by any trick of distance. The wall is painted crisply and is full of sunlight, yet the figures pass quite easily in front of it. In securing this relief of figures the artist had to make use of the subtlest values of the pervading light. In point of composition it will be noticed that so far from concentrating everything at one central point, the most spirited action has been given to some of the outside figures. This also adds to the truth of the story told as well, seeing that the girls farthest away from their preceptresses are inclined to be most frolicsome. In the adjustment of colors, too, the sober course of the Academicians has been set aside. The hydrant which comes forward in the picture is painted in negative colors, while the figures which retire are treated with positive colors. The whole work is purely a study in values of light. The picture is unusually bright and sunny and the expression of the face and figures adds to the realism of the story to be conveyed. Mr. Forster's picture will probably excite much discussion.

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At the rooms of the Toronto Architectural Sketch Club on Tuesday evening, Mr. C. Burke gave a very pithy paper, Notes on House Planning, with numerous cartoons illustrating the tortuous way some architects have of laying out a house, and others showing the most perfect examples extant. After a vote of thanks was passed the essayist, Mr. Frank Darling, R. C. A., criticized the competitive drawings, A Summer Cottage, in his own original and peculiar way.

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Among Toronto artists' contributions to the exhibition of the Academy at Montreal, which I have seen are several well executed water colors by Mr. C. M. Manley. Mr. Manley is one of the most earnest and hard working art students in the city and deserves success.

How Cablegrams are Transmitted.

With the first long submarine cables great difficulties were encountered in sending through them a current of electricity of sufficient power to record the messages rapidly. The methods for overcoming these difficulties and in use at present are described as follows:

Keys, which, when depressed, transmit positive and negative currents, are employed at the sending station in connection with the regulation battery. The current of the battery does not pass directly into the cable, but into a condenser, which passes it into the submarine line. This greatly increases the force of the currents used and serves to cut off interfering ground currents. The instrument first employed in receiving cablegrams was a reflecting galvanometer. Upon the magnet of this instrument is carried a small curved mirror. A lamp is placed before the mirror and behind a screen in which there is a vertical slit. Flashes of light moving across this slit as the needles moved from left to right, indicated to the trained eyes of the operator the letters in the message being transmitted. But this method of recording messages was found to tax the eyesight of the operator severely, a few years' work often rendering them almost if not totally blind. Recognizing the fact there must be something wrong with such a system, inventors set about repairing the defect, which resulted in perfecting the syphon galvanometer, which has all but superseded all other receiving devices.

In the syphon receiver the movements of the needle are recorded by means of ink spurted from a fine tube. This tube is attached to a coil suspended between two fixed magnets, which swings to the right or left as the pulsations pass through it. The syphon galvanometer is a great improvement; is not hard on the eyes and enables the operator to receive much more rapidly than with the old flash receiver.

England's Younger Sons.

English Lord (to a younger son)—It is time, Clarence, that you were thinking about a career.

Dutiful Son—I will be guided by you, father. Shall I take orders, study for the bar, enter the army, or marry an American?

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XII.

A little bustle was heard outside the door; and then the doctor came in. He was a middle-aged man, tall, spare, thoughtful-looking, a little abrupt in manner, but with a kindly face. He had not advanced two steps into the room before he stopped short, held up his hand, and said:

"Hallo—what's that?"

It was the patient's voice again uplifted in snatches of delirious talk.

"Cynthia!" they distinctly heard him calling.

"Where's Cynthia? Tell Cynthia that she must come!"

"And why are you not there?" said Dr. Middlemass, darting his finger in Cynthia's direction. "Why don't you go to him at once? It's madness to let him cry out like that!"

Cynthia's look was piteous; but for the moment she did not move.

"Would it not be better for a qualified nurse to be obtained for my brother?" said Mrs. Vane. "This young—lady"—a perceptible pause occurred before the word—"has had no experience in nursing; and it is surely not necessary—"

"Oh, doctor," the girl burst out, "must I not stay! I cannot go away when he calls for me like that!"

Her hands were strained on her bosom; her eyes had the hungry look of a mother who hears her child cry aloud and cannot go to him. The doctor shot a look at her, noting the tortured face, and observed the cold composure of the finely dressed lady in the arm-chair and the subdued uneasiness of the old gentleman in the background. He began to suspect a tragedy—at any rate, a romance.

"Go to him at once," he said to Cynthia, pointing to the bed-room door; "and keep him quiet at any cost! A trained nurse would not do him half the good that you can do him, if you choose. And now, madam, I'm ready to talk rather sternly, as Cynthia disappeared with a joyful face into the other room," may I ask what this interference with my orders may mean?"

"I am Mr. Lepel's sister," said Flossy coldly, "and it was I who sent for you, Dr. Middlemass. I think I have some right to take an interest in my brother's condition."

"Certainly, madam"—the doctor spoke with portentous grimness and formality—"but excuse me—no right to tamper with any of my prescriptions. I prescribed Miss West to my patient, and she was doing him all the good in the world when I went away. I have had got another fever-fit upon him now, a little higher temperature, and we shall not be able to do anything more for him at all. If you do not wish my orders to be followed, madam, have the goodness to send for another doctor, and I will throw up the case."

"You misunderstand, sir—you misunderstand!" said the general fussily, coming forward with his most imposing air. "My wife and I, sir, have not the slightest desire to interfere. We only wish to know what your prescriptions are. That young woman, sir, has no right to be here at all."

"From what I have been told," said the doctor drily, "I should have said that she had the greatest possible right to be here; but, however, that is no business of mine. She has a wonderfully soothing effect on Mr. Lepel's condition, and, as long as she is here, he is quiet and manageable. Listen! He is scarcely speaking at all now; her presence and her touch have calmed him at once. It would be positive madness to take her away."

"Would it not be well," said Mrs. Vane, quietly, "to send a trained nurse here too? There is a woman whom I know; she would be very glad to come, and she would relieve that young lady of the more painful and onerous portions of her task. I mean, sir," she said, looking towards her husband, "old Mrs. Meldreth's daughter—Sabina. She is an efficient nurse, and she has nothing to do just now."

"Has she had experience in cases of brain disease?" said Dr. Middlemass, snappishly.

"I really do not know." She never perfectly well that Sabina's knowledge of nursing was of the most perfunctory kind. "She has had experience of all kinds of illness, I believe, and she is thoroughly trustworthy. She could be installed here as an attendant on Miss—Miss West."

Attendant! "As spy," she meant, on all poor Cynthia's movements.

"I should like to see the woman first," said the doctor bluntly. He was not easy to manage, as Flossy swiftly perceived. "If she is competent for the task, I have no objection—Miss West must not be allowed to overdo herself; but I myself should prefer to send a person who is accustomed to deal with illness of this kind."

"As you please, of course," said Flossy. She saw that it would be of no use to press Sabina Meldreth upon him, much as she would have liked to secure the services of a spy and an informer in the house. As she paused, the general came forward.

"I should like to know, sir," he said, bristling with indignation, "what you mean by saying that that young lady—that girl—has a right to be here? I do not understand such language!"

"Why, of course she has a right to be here," said the doctor, staring at him in a purposely matter-of-fact way, "since she is the lady that he is engaged to marry."

"Marry! Bless my soul—no such thing!" roared the general, utterly forgetting that there was an invalid in the adjoining room. "Why, he's going to marry my niece!"

"Dear Richard, hush, hush!" said his wife, laying her hand entreatingly upon his arm. "Don't make such a noise—think of poor Hubert!"

"Kindly moderate your voice, sir," was the doctor's dry remark. "My patient will hear you if you don't take care."

"It does not matter to me whether he hears me or not," the general began; but Flossy's hand tightened its grasp upon his arm in a way which he knew that he must obey.

The general was a docile husband, and his protest died away in inarticulate angry murmurs.

"Don't trouble about it, general—I will arrange everything," said his wife caressingly. "Go over to the window again and leave me to speak to Dr. Middlemass for a moment;" and, as the general retired, still growling, she half smiled, and raised her eyes to the doctor's face as if she invited sympathy.

But Dr. Middlemass looked as unresponsive as a block of wood.

"I must go to my patient," he said. "It was to see him, I presume, that I was summoned!"

"Not entirely," said Flossy very sweetly. "We wanted to know whether it was absolutely necessary that Miss West should stay with my brother."

"Absolutely necessary, madam!"

"Then of course we should not think of objecting to her presence, which, I must tell you, is painful to us because—"

"Excuse me, madam," said the doctor, who was certainly a very uncivil person, "if I say that these family matters are of no interest to me, save as they affect my patient.

"But they do not affect your patient, Doctor. I think it was the worry of the affair that brought on this illness. We have found out that this Miss West's name is really 'Westwood,' and that she is the daughter of the dreadful man who shot my husband's brother at Beechfield some years ago. Perhaps you remember the case?"

"Oh, yes—I remember it!" said the doctor shortly. "That's the daughter! Poor girl!"

"It is naturally unpleasant to think that my brother—a cousin also of the general's—should be contemplating a marriage with her," said Mrs. Vane.

"Ah, well—perhaps so! We are all under the dominion of personal and selfish prejudices," said the doctor.

"I hoped that this illness might break the tie between them," sighed Flossy pensively.

"It may, madam—it may be killing him. Do you wish to take it in that way?"

"This doctor is a perfect brute!" thought Mrs. Vane to herself; but she only looked in a reproachful manner at the "brute" and applied her handkerchief delicately to her eyes. "I trust that there is no likelihood that it may end in that way. My poor Hubert," she sighed, "if only you had been warned in time!"

Perhaps this display of emotion softened Dr. Middlemass' heart, or perhaps he was not so insensible to Mrs. Vane's charms as he tried to appear; at any rate, when he spoke again it was in a qualified tone.

"I trust that he will get over this attack. He is certainly a little better than I expected to find him; but I cannot impress your mind too strongly with the necessity of care and watchfulness. Anything that tends to tranquilize the mind of a person in his condition must be procured for him at almost any risk. When the delirium has passed, an ordinary nurse may be of greater use than Miss West; but at present we cannot really do without her. You heard for yourself how he called her when she went out of the room!"

"Yes, I heard. Then shall I send the woman of whom I spoke, doctor? She might be a help to Miss West, whose work I of course would rather assist than retard in any way."

"You can therefore rely upon her!" said the Doctor dubiously.

"Thoroughly. She is a most valuable person."

"She might come for a day or two, and we shall see whether she is of any use or not. Will you send for her?"

"Yes, Mrs. Vane would send. And then the doctor went to look once more at Hubert, of whose condition he again seemed somewhat doubtful; and after that he took his leave. When he had gone, Mrs. Vane also departed, taking her docile husband back with her to the drawing-room. She had gained her point and was secretly triumphant; for she had secured the presence of a spy upon Cynthia, and could depend upon Sabina Meldreth to give a full account of Miss West's habits and visitors.

Flossy had great faith in her system of espionage. She sent Parker at once with a note summoning Sabina to the hotel, and there she laid her plans. Sabina was to go that very night to Mr. Lepel's rooms, and to make herself as useful as she could. It was presumed that Cynthia had not seen with sufficient clearness for the encounter to be a source of danger the woman in black who had followed Westwood to Kensington Gardens. Sabina was told to keep herself in the background as much as possible—to be silent and serviceable, but, above all, to be observant; for it was likely that Westwood would try to communicate with the patient, and, if it came so, Sabina would perhaps be able to track him down.

Flossy had completely lost all fear for herself in the excitement of her discoveries. It seemed to her that she and her secret were entirely safe. Nobody, she thought, had ever known of her understanding with Sydney Vane in days gone by; nobody had any clue to the secret of his death; so long as Hubert was silent, she had nothing at all to fear; and Hubert had succumbed to her for so long that she did not dread him now. Nothing seemed to her more unlikely than that after so many years he should deliberately divest himself of name and fame, clear Westwood's reputation at the cost of his own, and sacrifice his freedom for the sake of a scruple of conscience. Flossy did not believe him foolish enough or self-denying enough to do all that—and in her estimate of her brother's character perhaps, after all, Flossy was very nearly right.

Sabina Meldreth presented herself to Cynthia and Mrs. Jenkins that evening, and was not ungraciously received. She very soon proved herself both capable and willing, and was speedily acknowledged—by Mrs Jenkins, at least—to be "a great help." Cynthia said nothing, she hardly seemed to know that a stranger was present. Her whole soul was absorbed in the task of nursing Hubert. When he slept, she did not leave the house, she lay on a sofa in another room. She could not bear to be far away from Hubert, and she should hear the ravings of the patient—should marvel at the extraordinary things he said, and wonder whether or no there was any truth in them.

"He talks in this way because he has brooded over my poor father's fate!" Cynthia said to herself, with piteous insistence. "He must have been so much interested at finding that I was the daughter of Andrew Westwood that his mind dwelt on all the details of the trial; and he fancies almost that he did the deed himself. I have read of such strange delusions in books. When he is better, no doubt the delusion will fade away. I know how powerfully his mind was affected by what I told him—the constant cry that he sees no way out of it shows how he must have brooded over the matter. No way out of it indeed, poor dear, until the person who murdered Mr. Vane is discovered and brought to justice! And I almost believe that my father is right, and that the murderer, directly or indirectly, was Mrs. Vane.

"To Cynthia, Hubert's ravings were the more painful because they bore almost entirely upon what had been the great grief—the tragedy—of her life. He spoke much of Sydney Vane, of Florence and of Cynthia herself, in such a strange connection that at times she hardly knew what was his meaning or whether he had any definite meaning. Presently however it appeared to her as if one or two ideas ran through the whole warp and woof of his imaginings. One was the conviction that in some way or another he must take Westwood's place—give himself up to justice and set Westwood free. Another was the belief that it was utterly impossible for Cynthia ever to forgive him for what he had done, and that the person chiefly responsible for all the misery and shame and disgrace which had fallen so unjustly on the heads of those concerned in "the Beechfield tragedy" was no other than Florence herself.

Farther than these vague statements he did not go. He never said in so many words that he was guilty of Sydney Vane's death, and that he, and not Westwood, ought to have suffered the punishment. Yet he said enough to give Cynthia cause for great unhappiness. She tried not to believe that there was any foundation of truth for his words; but she could not succeed. The ideas were too persistent, too logical, to be altogether the fruit of imagination. More and more she clung to the belief that Flossy was responsible for Mr. Vane's sudden death, that Hubert knew it, and that for his sister's sake he had concealed the truth. If this were so, it would be terrible indeed; and yet Cynthia had a soft corner in her heart for the man who had sacrificed his own honor to conceal his sister's sin.

Cynthia did not go back to Madame della Scala's house. Flossy had done her work with the singing mistress as she had done it elsewhere. She blackened Cynthia's name wherever she went. So, two days after the girl's departure from Norton Square her boxes and all her belongings were sent to her from her former home without a word of apology or explanation. She felt that she was simply turned out of Madame's house—that she could never hope to go back to it again. She was now absolutely homeless; and she was also without employment; for she had withdrawn from several engagements to sing at concerts, and at more than one private house she had received an intimation that her services could be dispensed with. No reason in these cases was given; but it was plain that the world did not think Miss West a very reputable person, and that society had turned its back upon her. Cynthia had not leisure to think what this would mean for her in the future; at present she cared for nothing but her duties in Hubert Lepel's sick-room.

Her boxes were deposited at last in Mrs. Jenkins' little house at the back; and there a small room was appropriated to Cynthia's use. She was "supposed to be staying at Mrs Jenkins", as Sabina told her mistress; but she practically lived in Hubert's rooms. Still it was a comfort to her to think that she had that little room to retire to when Hubert should recover consciousness; and till then she did not care where or how she lived.

Sabina had little to report to Mrs. Vane, who had now returned to Beechfield. Cynthia went nowhere, and received neither visitors nor letters. She had been interviewed by the police-officials; but they had not been able to get any information from her. As for Andrew Westwood, he seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth; and some of the authorities at Scotland Yard went so far as to say that the report made to them of his discovery must have been either an illusion of the fancy or pure invention on the part of Sabina Meldreth and Mrs. Vane.

(To be Continued.)

The Good Old Days

Modern Society gives us the following spicy bit of news: The present Czarina has recently started at St. Petersburg the idea of a White Ball, at which the ladies should be all dressed in white, and diamonds and pearls be the only ornaments worn. This notion is evidently borrowed from the *redoutes blanches* of the Carnival in the Louis Quinze style. The Czarina Elizabeth, however, who has been dead over a century, was less tasteful, but more original in her novelties. She appointed days on which balls should be held at the Imperial Palace at which there should be a complete reversal of costume—the ladies assuming the boots and breeches of the men, and the latter arraying themselves in the petticoats and skirts of the ladies. The effect was very ludicrous, and nobody was happy except the Empress, who was amused. The heavy military uniforms were neither comfortable nor becoming to the ladies, and the stout old dowagers were aware that they looked highly ridiculous. On the other hand, the mustached and bearded men looked mere horrors in woman's costume, and were so exceedingly awkward in managing their skirts that ludicrous accidents often happened.

Measuring a Man for What He is Worth to Society.

A traveler in Tennessee, noticing a large number of people following a wagon, rode up to an old fellow who sat on a fence and asked the cause of such a large procession.

"W'y they air takin' Sam Bates out ter the graveyard."

"He must have been a very popular man."

"Wall, I should reckon he was."

"Held a high position, I suppose."

"Stood at the top."

"What was his business?"

"Chopped co'd wood fur a livin', I b'lieve."

"What! Do people in this country pay so much attention to wood-choppers?"

"Look yare, my friend, Sam wuz the handiest man with a fiddle thar wuz in this neighborhood. He could jest nachully make a fiddle cluck like a hen. I don't know how it is whar you come from, but in this here community we don't pay no attention tw wot yer man chops fur er livin', but we measure him fur what he is wuth ter society."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

On a Muddy Day.

Doncaster—How'd you do it, dear boy?
Twedley—Since that horwid fashion came in of carwying canes fewwule-end up, I k-keep forgetting meself and sticking it in me mouth.—*Judge.*

The Parting.

We parted in silence, we parted by night
On the bank of a beautiful river;
No sound but a gurgle, as out of my sight
Swift she sank with scarcely a shiver.
The nightingale warbled, the stars sweetly shone,
And, though she will rise again never,
No sorrow was shown for the life that had flown—
For that cat is silent forever.

Sticks Very Tight.

"There is one solace left to me at least," remarked the old farmer. "After all my boys leave and go up to the city, after the pigs and cattle die, and everything else forsakes me, there is at least one thing that will stick to the old farm."

"And that is—!"

"The mortgage!"

Not a Jack Pot.

"My dear," said Mrs. Jones, struggling with the pot of jam at the dinner table the other day, "see if you can open this pot."

"Not with my luck," murmured Mr. Jones, who had been sitting up the night before with a sick friend. "I'll pass it blind," and he sighed dejectedly behind his newspaper.

Poor Jack.

She was a little bit of a blue-eyed woman with the innocent face of a child. The horse-car in which she sat with a female companion stopped suddenly, but the mild-faced little woman went right on talking in her natural way, so that everybody heard her say:

"The man never walked the earth who could boss me, and I just told Jack so, and he hasn't peeped once since. I didn't marry to have any man lead me around by the nose—I guess not!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A New Diogenes.

"Well, who are you?"

"I'm an Office."

"What are you after?"

"I am seeking a man."

"What man?"

"The man who would refuse me."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Vapor of Glycerine for Coughs.

The vapor of glycerine has recently been used by French physicians whenever a distressing or frequent cough has had to be alleviated. The remedy is very simple in application. About fifty or sixty grammes of glycerine are heated in porcelain capsule by means of a spirit lamp; a large volume of vapor is thereby disengaged, and should be breathed by the sufferer. Glycerine in which carbolic acid has been dissolved may also be employed. The cough of phthisis and the irritation in the throat of many complaints afford proper trials for these remedies.

The Third Type of Women.

"The brain woman never interests us like the heart woman. White roses please less than red."

When the genial author of The One Horse Shay recorded the above sentiment in his Breakfast Table Talk and paid pretty tributes each of these types, the white rose and the red rose woman, he overlooked the third, a combination type. It is that in which heart and brain are blended harmoniously; that in which the red rose's passionate glow is shaded delicately into the pale purity of the white rose, producing what may be called the blush rose woman, the rarest flower of womankind. Men are understood to have a preference for the heart woman, who does nothing but well both. The brain woman and one becomes a man's echo she is apt to exasperate him. However gratifying it may be to the masculine creature to be looked up to and bowed down before by the lovely brain woman, the time comes at length when he prefers a companion who can appreciate his higher qualities through her own kinship with them. Her homage, in its fine discrimination, inspires him to further achievement; that of the other only tickles his vanity, while it clips his wings.

Experience seems to prove that the male creature flourishes best under the regime of the third type of woman. He is as restive as a mettlesome steed under the touch of the mere brain woman, while the sweetness of the other tends to become cloying. Besides the clinging heart woman fosters the disposition to tyrannize over the weaker which beats with the masculine blood, a relic of the fierce bygone struggle for survival. He really needs and welcomes the influence of the heart and brain woman to save him from his lower self, which is not yet wholly under his feet.

The feminine magnets among us belong to the third type, the women to whom men are drawn and held irresistibly by the fine spiritual quality, whose chemistry defies analysis.

The third type of woman is man's good angel. She is not only a sympathizer, but a helper. The woman who blends a strong heart woman fosters the disposition to tyranniza over the weaker which beats with the masculine blood, a relic of the fierce bygone struggle for survival. He really needs and welcomes the influence of the heart and brain woman to save him from his lower self, which is not yet wholly under his feet.

The feminine magnets among us belong to the third type, the women to whom men are drawn and held irresistibly by the fine spiritual quality, whose chemistry defies analysis.

The third type of woman is man's good angel. She is not only a sympathizer, but a helper. The woman who blends a strong heart and brain woman, sublime and godlike in her strength, takes him, as Dio Lewis said, "in her arms and carries him straight to heaven."

The third type of woman is the hope of the world. The others are to her:

"Lesser lights to light her footsteps,
Or as water unto wine.

Through her Tennyson's grand ideal shall one day be realized:

"Then come back to earth Eden back to men,
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm,
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.

ISABEL HOMES MASON.

Beauty on All Fours.

The other day I accidentally ran across a number of the new school of physical culture women—that is, I came to the same women who recently made a man rich by letting him prescribe hot water by the quart three times a day as the great catholicon and beautifier.

"Is it possible," I said to them, "that there are ladies who will walk around and around their rooms on their hands and knees—"

"Yes, yes," they said, interrupting me; "on their four palms."

"There really are such persons?"

"I am one," said she.

"And are there ladies who lie on their backs and gesticulate with all their limbs, like an overturned beetle endeavoring to right himself?"

"Yes, yes," she said; "and it's most beneficial. You don't know how beneficial it is."

"Will you kindly tell me where your sense of humor is when you are engaged in these most peculiar performances?"

"I don't know," said the lady. "I think it must be wherever it belongs. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied, picturing in silence to myself the utter impossibility of my locking my door and throwing myself into such a circus of such dimensions. Breaking the silence, I asked: "And do you go up and down stairs on all fours as some do?"

"Oh, no," she replied, with a sigh. "It is impossible for most persons to do that. One must be alone in a house to make it possible. It is a pity, for it would be very beneficial. But we can't do that, we are ordered to take carriage rides over the roughest roads in town."—*Chatter.*

If They Could Only Know.

The betrothed wife of an estimable young man was recently visiting his mother. The members of both families were delighted. The young lady was a model girl had begun her visit the mother called her son to her and spoke greatly about his promised bride.

"Harry," said she, "Alice invited me into her room to-day, and oh, my son, she doesn't dress like a lady at all. I'm afraid, Harry; I really am."

Harry smothered his indignation and begged his mother to explain herself.

"Well, you see," said the latter, "instead of nice white linen, all her underwear is black silk. Every item is of that material, and when I spoke of it she showed me trunks full of clothes in every tint of silk imaginable and no linen at all. This was bad enough, Harry; but her garters had jeweled clasps on them. Oh, my son, you never knew of a girl of real refinement to get into such a fast style. I feel certain that something that we do not know about in Alice's disposition will come out."

In a great rage at his mother's imputation Harry left the house. When he returned he did not recur to the subject, and his mother restained from touching on it again, though her whole manner indicated her fears concerning her son's fiancee. A week later, however, the girl eloped with an adventurer.

"I should say, Harry," said Harry's mother, "doubt a young lady who could not take pride in fine linen, and am positive that no modest girl ever wore a jeweled garter. Such a thing could not be the gift of her father or mother, and she would certainly not buy it herself."—*Boston Herald.*

The Effect of the Remedy.

Mrs. Day—The doctor ordered your husband whisky for his rheumatism. Does it do him any good?

Mrs. May—He says it does him a world of good, but I notice the twinges come upon him more frequently than ever.

Dreams.

Dr. Lewis A. Sayre says: "Dreams do not indicate a physical defect. They indicate that the dreamer's stomach is out of order or that he is wrried. Dreams often seem of long duration, but it should be remembered that thoughts fly so fast that they cannot be measured. They will travel over pretty much the entire universe in five minutes. If a person keeps his mouth shut he will not snore. If he cannot keep it shut any other way, he ought to tie a bandage under his chin and over his head. The nose is the proper thing to breathe through. But snoring will not do any harm. A person who appreciates humor and has a good hearty laugh now and then, is the better for it, but to be eternally giggling and snickering, where there is no cause for the risibility, is neither beneficial nor interesting. A giggler is a fool. Crying often affords relief. If a person is suffering from great grief and he is unable to shed tears there is decid. d danger of trouble in his mind. Whether the jovial or the quiet person is apt to live longest is perhaps a question. Some people are so solemn that they have not life enough to die, and keep on earth to curse everybody they are acquainted with. It is not the length of time one lives, but the good he does. Some men could live a hundred years and be of no benefit. Others could in twenty years accomplish wonders by their energy and the proper use of their abilities."

Dr. Garretson is accustomed to illustrate the materialistic tendencies of the age by an imaginary conversation with a Western farmer: "Why do you raise corn?" "To feed hogs." "What for?" "To sell them and buy land." "What for?" "To feed more corn." "What for?" "To feed more hogs." "What for?" "To sell and buy more land," and so on.

An Evoluted Game.

Stranger—I am sure I have seen you before. Are you not a base ball player?

Contract Pitcher (sadly)—No, I'm a base-ball contract laborer.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

So Sad.

Her soft blue eyes were full of tears,
As far off look she stood
Her lover fondly drew her near
And murmured low, "too bad, too bad."

"What is it, dear, that grieves you so,
My sad-eyed maiden?"
She nestled closer and replied:
"I've lost my gold of gum."

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THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XLII.

The roses were in bloom when Hugh Cameron left England; and they were blooming once more a year later when he returned. Autumn and winter and spring had followed each other; and now summer reigned over the land, which was full of its sweetness and flushed with its radiant gifts.

It was late in the evening when Hugh reached London—too late to continue his journey to Brancepeth that day. He telegraphed his safe arrival to his father, and, having changed his traveling-clothes, went down to the dining-room of the great hotel where he had put up. It seemed strange to be in England again after that long absence—strange to find no one he knew among the visitors at the hotel; but he was not inclined to complain of the loneliness. He was in no mood for other companionship than his own thoughts; and, when he had dined, he went into the reading-room, and settled himself comfortably in an arm chair with a newspaper—to which however he gave scant attention, but which served for an excuse for long thought and inaction. Two or three occupants of the reading-room glanced with some interest and curiosity at the tall bronzed man who seemed so absorbed in the contents of the newspaper—a society journal, which he held open before him, but of which he never turned a leaf.

After a time, the occupants of the reading-room divided down to two or three—and of this small number two were lounging near a writing table in Hugh's immediate neighborhood. They were young men dressed in faultless manner, and thoroughly at home with their surroundings. They had been writing—indeed one of them was still engaged in his correspondence; but the other had taken up a newspaper and was glancing at its contents, without however evincing much interest in them. Suddenly an exclamation that he made attracted his friend's attention, and he glanced up from his letters.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" he asked, in a languid drawling manner. "Anything wrong?"

"No; but something rather surprising is announced here," the other answered. "Never thought Sevon a marrying man myself; but one never knows! Those as is the most unlikely, *et cetera*."

"Marriage is a duty with Sevon," said his friend carelessly. "A man who is heir to a great name is bound to sacrifice himself sooner or later."

"Ah, glad I'm not heir to a great name!" drawled the other. "Not but what Sevon's a lucky fellow."

"Who is the future Lady Sevon?"

"Miss Stanley Gerant, only daughter and heiress of Sir Humphrey Gerant of Eyncourt," was the reply. "You know her of course? Awfully pretty, but proud and cold as an icicle!"

"Ah, but she will melt at the prospect of being a Marchioness!" was the rather cynical remark, as the speaker bent over his writing again; and his friend resumed his languid perusal of the newspaper in which he had found the announcement which seemed to make the room dark for a moment before Hugh Cameron's eyes.

The men had spoken in their ordinary tones, and every word had been distinctly audible to him as he sat in the great arm-chair holding the paper before his face. It was fortunate that he did so; for any one catching sight of him at that moment would have thought startled at his intense pallor, which made his face for a moment like the face of a dying man.

The blow fell heavily; he was utterly unprepared for it, and it stunned him; he sat motionless, making a desperate and successful effort to retain his consciousness. Then in a few moments, which seemed an eternity to the suffering man, he recovered some knowledge of what was passing around him, of where he was and what he had just overheard.

As he sat there, it seemed to Hugh Cameron that all his life was destroyed, his hope shattered—that he knew at last what it was to be a prey to absolute despair. He had borne his long, lonely year of exile with what patience he could; it had been a desolate time, full of weariness and yearning, but it had been brightened by a gleam of hope. Among his dead wife's private papers he had found the note Stanley had written to him. With all a mother's love for the sweet and ill-fated Laura had kept it; and he had never parted with it since. It had been with him in all his travels, and it had fed the yearning, the love for Stanley Gerant, which was as strong in his heart now as it had ever been; and, when he had turned his face towards home, he knew that he had done so with one desire strong within him—to see her again and to win her for his own.

He had heard no tidings directly of her or her father; but Nest had spoken of them more than once in her letters—and nothing that she had said had prepared him for this terrible blow.

How long he sat there he did not know; but, when he roused himself from the stupor of anguish into which he had fallen, he was alone in the softly-lighted reading-room. The two young men who had so carelessly and unconsciously uttered the words which for him had so terrible a significance had departed, and on the table at which they had been sitting lay the journal from which one of them had read.

Hugh rose to his feet, feeling strangely weak and faint, although the night was warm. His hand shook as he took up the newspaper, and the words were blurred before his eyes as he read them.

"A marriage has been arranged between Lord Sevon, eldest son of the Marquis of Erroll, and Stanley, only daughter——"

The paper dropped from Hugh's fingers; he sank into the chair by which he stood; no word escaped him; his blood seemed turned to ice.

It was not until one of the attendants came into the room to put out the lights that he was conscious that it was long past midnight. As he rose to go to his room, he looked so haggard and ill that Macarty, awaiting him, was startled at his appearance, and rather unwilling to take the curt dismissal with which his master sent him away. When he was alone, Hugh Cameron sank down upon a couch and lay there motionless, save when a shudder of anguish shook him, and so passed the first night of his return to England.

* * *

The sun-rays which glared pitilessly on the great city were softened and tempered in the green avenues of the park at Brancepeth. A July day there under the shade of the full-leaved beech-trees was a very different thing from a July day in Pall Mall or Piccadilly. Instead of dust and glare and hurrying heated pedestrians and the noise of swiftly-rolling vehicles, there were peace and calm and shadow, velvet smooth turf, and the fragrance and color of radiant flower-beds.

But not even all this sweetness and fragrance and beauty of the fair summer day could dispel the sadness and gloom upon Hugh Cameron's face as he stood in the shadow of the beech trees on the second day after his return to Brancepeth. At first he had been inclined to leave England again immediately; but the thought of his mother's sorrow and his father's disappointment had deterred him; and on the morning after his arrival in London he started for Brancepeth.

Notwithstanding all his efforts, it was impossible that those who loved him should not notice his haggard looks and the depression he could not entirely conceal. His high spirits were too evidently forced to deceive any one; his animated descriptions of his travels and his enjoyment of them seemed merely what they were—a means of preparing those who heard for another lengthened absence. He asked after Sir Humphrey and his daughter with an air of calm friendly interest which made Nest open her eyes with surprise and indignation. He did not speak of Miss Gerant's engagement—really he was waiting, with all the dread of a patient suffering from some terrible disease who fears yet longs for the surgeon's knife, for others to speak of it. But the engagement was not mentioned before him; only once indeed was it hinted at—and that was by Hugh himself. He was standing on the terrace at Brancepeth with Miss Cameron. They were watching the sun sink in a glory of crimson and gold in the western sky when he broke rather abruptly a silence which had lasted for some time.

"She is very happy, I suppose," he said—"she will be very happy!"

Nest glanced at him questioningly.

"You mean Stanley?" she said quietly.

"Yes. You see her sometimes—do you not?"

"We see her very often," returned Nest, smiling.

"And she is happy?"

"Quite happy, I think," Nest answered calmly. "Has she not every reason to be so?"

"Every reason! Oh, yes!" he agreed. Then, after a minute's pause, he added, his voice quavering notwithstanding all his efforts, "Well, Heaven bless her and the man she loves!"

"Yes," rejoined Miss Cameron quietly—"Heaven bless her and the man she loves! You will be to see them, Hugh? Sir Humphrey hoped your first visit would be to Eyncourt."

"I will go of course," he replied rather huskily. "I should like to see the old place once more before I go away again, Nest. I am afraid it will be a disappointment to my mother," he added hurriedly, "if I go away; but I cannot stay here."

Nest looked at him very gravely.

"You will not go yet?" she said quietly.

"Not at once—but soon. I know it seems selfish, Nest; but I think they would be more unhappy about me if I stayed than if I went. Ah, life is a hard problem!" he added bitterly.

"I am tired of trying to solve it!"

He turned away and walked to the end of the terrace. Miss Cameron looked after him with some sympathy, and yet there was a faint smile about the corners of her mouth. Her face bore a rather inscrutable expression; and, if she had put her thoughts into words just then, she would have said that he deserved to suffer a little for his mistrust of Stanley.

Hugh now fully realized the strength his hope and faith had been until the few chance words overheard in the reading-room of a London hotel had destroyed them. He had been happy in them even in his exile; now that they were lost to him, he could never know happiness again.

The stately old house at Eyncourt stood in a flood of mellow golden light when he emerged from the shadowy glades of the park, and instinct rather than reason guided him to the glass doors of the oak room where he had been accustomed to seek Stanley. As he drew near, he heard the sound of voices, and her soft rich voice singing in a low tone:

"Some day—some day I shall meet you,
Love—I know not when or how—
Only this—that once I loved you!
Only this—I love you now—
Only this—I love you now!"

Her voice rose and fell softly, then ceased. As she struck the last notes she looked up and saw him standing on the threshold as he had stood in the gray darkness of the October night following the day which should have seen their wedding.

She exhibited no surprise as she rose and went towards him. He had been so much in her thoughts as she sang the pretty pathetic lines that his presence there caused her no astonishment. But, as she held out both hand, the brightness on her face faded, and a look of compassion came into her eyes at sight of his sorrowful countenance.

"You have come back," she said gently, as he took her hand for a moment. "There will be rejoicing at Brancepeth! When did you come?"

How calm she was, how self-composed, how cold! he thought bitterly, fighting against his own miserable emotion, and yet she was sorry for him. She knew he had not ceased to love her although she was betrothed to another man and she was sorry. Even now his presence darkened her happiness, he thought. He ought to have stayed away—he ought not to have come.

He looked round the pretty oak room with sorrowful weary eyes. It was as little changed as Stanley herself, who looked as fair and bright as on the July day.

"I came yesterday—no, the day before," he said, answering her question somewhat absently. "I am not well, Stanley. I'm tired of everything."

"Sit down and tell me what is the matter, dear," she said, in her calm pretty manner, in which there were traces of her old pride. "My father will be in in a few moments. He has gone down to the village, but he will be back for tea at half-past four. You found your mother looking very well, did you not?"

"Yes, she is looking very well," he replied, in a strange dull tone.

"She has missed you a great deal," Stanley remarked quietly. "She has been looking forward so eagerly to your return! You will not be going away again, I hope?"

Her calmness was helping her visitor to recover his own.

"I am afraid I have grown to like a wandering existence," he replied, with a forced smile. "Life in England will seem rather monotonous, I fear."

"You are going away again?" exclaimed Stanley quickly.

"Yes," he answered, after a moment's hesitation; "I cannot stay here. I am going again."

There followed a brief silence, which Stanley broke in her quietest tone.

"Your mother will be grieved," she said calmly. "She hoped that you were coming home for good."

"I meant to stay," he replied; "but something has occurred—" He broke off abruptly, with difficulty retaining his indifferent manner. "I heard something about you in London," he went on, after a moment's pause. "I came there only for a few hours; but the time was long enough for that."

She gazed at him steadily as his eyes met hers in a look of intense reproach.

"Something about me?" she said quietly. "What was it?"

"Do you need to ask?" he replied brusquely. "Certainly!" she rejoined. "I was never good at guessing mysteries; and you appear to be in a mysterious mood."

He did not seem to have heard what she said, but went on in the same brusque manner, not looking at her now.

"I learned that I had to congratulate you," he said.

"To congratulate me!" she echoed. "On what?"

The words came from his lips as if they were forced from them by some stronger will than his own, so reluctantly were they spoken.

"On your engagement—on your engagement to Lord Sevon!"

Stanley held her head erect; she looked a very proud woman—very stately and very cold—at that moment.

"Your congratulations are unnecessary," she said.

He stepped forward with an inarticulate exclamation.

"You are not engaged!" he gasped, his lips quivering with excitement.

"I am not engaged."

He looked at her steadily and questioningly for a moment, then sank into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

For some minutes there was silence in the room. Stanley had risen and stood watching him with troubled yet happy eyes, her hands tightly clasped together. She seemed to understand how it was with him—how his heart was throbbing under the fragrant yellow roses on her bosom.

When he raised his face it was very pale.

"I came back to England with one hope strong in my heart," he said, unsteadily. "It had been with me for many a long month in solitude and exile; but in the first hour of my return some words, carelessly spoken by a stranger, destroyed it. Stanley, you know what that hope was!"—holding out his hand to her.

"I hoped, when I came back to England, to come to you. About a year back I found among some papers a few lines you wrote to me long ago, Stanley; but they were written more than a year ago, and since then you may have found out that your love changed. If it be so, my dear, I do not blame you—it is your right; but, if it be not so——"

She put her hand in his and looked into his eyes with all the tenderness of her undying love.

"You hoped when you returned to England, to come back to me," she said softly. "And I hoped that, when you came back——"

She paused; her voice had not been very steady, and it failed her for a moment. He had sprung to his feet, looked at her with breathless eagerness. She went on with a sweet tremulous smile.

"I hoped that, when you came back, you would come to me," she whispered; and he took her in his arms and pressed her to his heart.

"Ah," he said tenderly, after a long happy silence, "it is worth while to have suffered for this! Oh, how often I have thought of those lines you were singing just now, Stanley—how often I have said to myself that we should meet again! some day—some day!"

She looked up at him with a charming smile.

"'Some day—some day I shall meet you,
Love—I know not when or how—
Only this—that once I loved you!
Only this—I love you now!'"

she whispered softly.

"My darling!" he said fondly.

"The roses are all in bloom to welcome you!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Hugh, I too would gladly have suffered for this!"

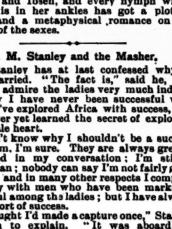
* * *

The roses were not all faded when Hugh Cameron and Stanley Gerant were married quietly in the little church in the park at Eyncourt. All brides and grooms are happy, or ought to be so; and these two were very happy—all the happier perhaps for the suffering which had gone before, since

"Joy never feasts so high
As when its first course is miserie!"

THE END.

Bear, and Forbear.



—Life.

Is This Truth.

Genuine literature, says New York *Truth*, both as a vocation and a product, never was in such danger of being smothered as at present by a new race of female scribblers. The publishing syndicates, the Sunday newspapers, the story sheets, acknowledge that the rush of young and charmingly incompetent women to the back doors of the theater bears no sort of comparison to the rush of women to the publication office. Every spinster who can hold a pen is trying to write—and to publish. Every actress who knows how to make her verbs disagree with her nominatives is scribbling with profound purpose. They will starve, suffer toil at one dollar a week to get into print, and wouldn't fry ham or make beds for twenty dollars a month. Every editor has to erect a mosquito net to protect himself from this new swarm. And the funny thing about it is that the spinster, who can't tell the difference between a metaphor and a mule, rat, wants to discuss the synthetic philosophy of Herbert Spencer, and write reviews of Robert Elsmere and Ibsen, and every nymph whose fortune is in her ankles has got a plot on divorce and a metaphysical romance on the relation of the sexes.

H. M. Stanley and the Masher.

Mr. Stanley has at last confessed why he never married. "The fact is," said he, "although I admire the ladies very much indeed, somehow I have never been successful with them. I've explored Africa with success, but have never yet learned the secret of exploring the female heart.

"I don't know why I shouldn't be a success with them, I'm sure. They are always greatly interested in my conversation; I'm still a young man, nobody can say I'm not fairly good looking; and in many other respects I compare favorably with men who have been markedly successful among the ladies; but I have always fallen short of success.

"I thought I'd made a capture once," Stanley went on to explain. "It was aboard an Atlantic steamer. I was going across to New York. The captain, with whom I was well acquainted, was a firm friend of mine. His great delight was to get me to sit next to him and get me to tell stories of my African experiences.

"Well, on this occasion I sat on his right, and opposite me, on his left, was a very charming young woman. She was strikingly handsome, and looked very lovable and kind. She seemed as delighted as my friend, the captain, was at my stories of African adventure. I, at the same time, was charmed with her. With me it was a case of love at first sight.

"The captain introduced us to one another and for several days my suit seemed to progress swimmingly. She seemed to have eyes and ears for none but me.

"My next neighbor to the left was a young masher, all collars and cuffs, who didn't seem to have two ideas in his head, and had never achieved anything more heroic than smoking cigarettes and wearing an eyeglass.

"Well, this youth hardly ever said a word at the table, but one day at dinner he happened to remark that he knew how to make an exceptionally good salad. At the mention of salad the angelic young fairy opposite immediately dropped all interest in what I was saying to her, and bestowed her attentions on him.

"Very well, the masher was not blind to this display of interest in his salad, and that evening had a dish of it prepared, and invited her to help him eat it. The end of it all was that she cruelly threw me over, and shortly after reaching New York married the young man, whose sole recommendation, as far as I could see, was that he knew how to make a good salad, and whose accomplishments consisted in wearing an eye-glass and puffing cigarettes.

"Yes, it's sad," mused Mr. Stanley, "but it seems to be only too true that a salad will make a deeper impression on the daintiest piece of femininity you might meet in a month than all the chivalric devotion in the world."

In spite of his little story of the masher and the salad, our illustrious explorer would never have got any farther along with the young lady in the case than making himself agreeable. He would have been too scared to have seriously sought her hand, simply because she was young and beautiful.

Mr. Stanley thinks a lovely young woman a sort of wingless angel—a superior being who was made for rough man to admire at a respectful distance, but not to be approached too closely without sacrilege. Which is all very well and very proper; but until he gets over this feeling of awe some bold masher, with a recipe for salad, will always step in and cut him out.

Another Variation.

The Newly Married One (sobbing)—Oh, John, I've been worried to-day, I made a lovely steak pie that you used to be so fond of before we were married, and the cat has got to it, and—and eaten it nearly all. John (soothing her)—There—there, my darling, dry your tears, a cat like that is not worth troubling about. We can get another.

Wilhelm's Woes.

Wife—What does it mean in this paper when it says that the young German emperor expects a call to arms?

Husband—A call to arms! I suppose it means he expects his wife to say, "Wilhelm, take the baby!"

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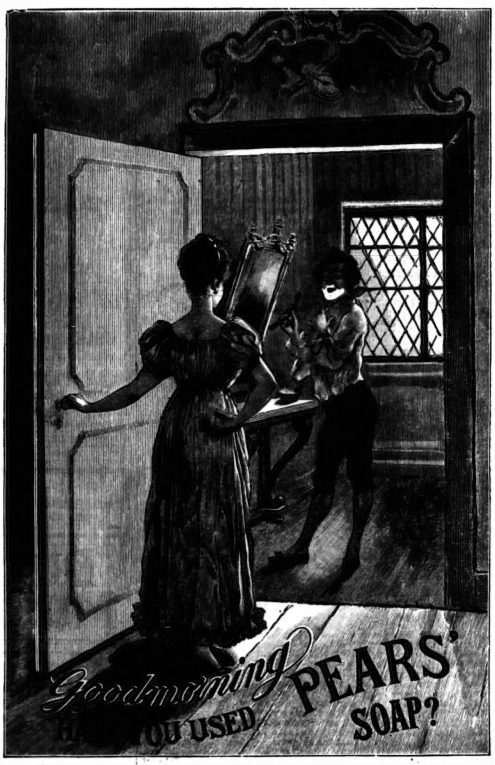

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Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Last Saturday a most exciting cricket match (the first of the season) was played on the Government House grounds, between Government House and the House of Commons. Owing to Mr. Harry Ward, M.P.'s, magnificent score, (69 Not out) the latter were victorious, the total running up towards the three hundreds.

Ottawa has lost one of its fairest daughters by the marriage of Miss Bessie Patrick, daughter of the late Hon. George Patrick, to Mr. Frank Eddis, barrister of Toronto. The ceremony was performed at the Catholic Apostolic church, the service being fully choral. The bridesmaids were the Misses Emma, Martha and Margaret Patrick, sisters of the bride, and Miss Ouril Paris; the groomsmen being Messrs. J. Eddis, brother of the groom, and Mr. Ernest Langtry of Toronto.

The same evening Mr. Macdonald, the well known contractor, was married to Miss Isabella Blyth of Ferndale, Assiniboia. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. M. Clark, at the residence of Mr. James Taylor, the bride's brother-in-law.

The Ottawa Lawn Tennis Club have elected the following officers for the ensuing season: Patron, His Excellency the Governor General; hon. president, Judge Taschereau; vice president, Mr. W. Himsworth; hon. secretary, Mr. G. J. Desbarats; treasurer, Major Hodgins; executive committee, Col. Bacon, Mr. S. L. Shannon, Mr. F. McCord, Mr. A. P. Sherwood and Mr. J. F. Shaw. Practice will commence on May 15.

Much regret is expressed on all sides at the departure from the capital of one of the most popular of the sessional visitors, Mrs. Frank Barnard, who has been summoned back to British Columbia on account of the sickness of her father.

Mrs. T. P. Featherston of Rideau gave a small dance on Monday evening last.

The genial "King of the Gatineau," Alonzo Wright, M.P., was sumptuously dined on Tuesday evening last at the House cafe by several of his fellow M.P.'s, the occasion being Mr. Wright's twenty-seventh year of public life and utility. Among the gentlemen who spoke were Messrs. Gillmor, Trow, Patterson (Essex), Langelier, Sutherland, Dr. Ferguson, Dr. Weldon, Kenny, Daly, Casgrain, Ward, Dr. Montague, Ross, Davis, Barnard, Hon. Peter Mitchell and the Speaker of the House. Songs were sung by Messrs. Campbell of the *Globe*, and Daly, Prior, Ross, Choquette, Bergeron, Mitchell, Ross and Curran.

Word has been received here that Col. Zwoski, A.D.C., will leave Toronto for England about the middle of next month.

It is expected that the closing smoking concert of the Ottawa Club will shortly be given.

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LADIES.—Victory Bateman, Fanny Gillette, Fannie Bernard, Mrs. Lord, Lillian and Mabie Craig.

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The services of Mr. Wm. Hawthorn (formerly of London, Out.) have been secured as manager. For twenty years Mr. "H." has had the reputation of being one of the best "hotel" men in the West. A more gentlemanly and courteous "hotel" man would be hard to find. The hotel and management will be under the special supervision of a committee of the Board, and nothing will be left undone that will minister to the wants and comfort of guests. Table and appointments will be first-class. The swift and elegant steamer Greyhound has been chartered for the season. She will make the trip in one hour. Excellent train service. For terms, etc., apply by letter to

LORNE PARK COMPANY, Toronto.

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334 Yonge Street, Toronto. Telephone No. 2033

For sale nearly a carload left of Rockingham Ware from a factory famous for the excellence of its goods. Prices, Teapots 9c., 12c., 16c., 19c. each. Pitchers, 7c., 8., 12c., 17c., 25c. Mixing Bowls, Cake Bowls, Bean Cookers, etc., etc., all at closest wholesale prices. A new and completer price list will be out in a few days, call or send for one, you will find in it talk that means something of goods and their prices. A new arrival of Pillow Sham Holders from a good one that will fit any bed for 34c., usually 75c., up to the finest Nickel Plated one for 98c., usually $2, these are the best ever made. A large purchase of Clothes Wringers with all modern improvements, best vulcanized white rubber rollers, warranted for a full year, $3.48, worth $5, and $3 97, worth $6. Our splendid peeled white willow Clothes Baskets and Hampers are selling fast at our popular prices—one half usual price ought to be popular. Get our Price List.

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Sewing Machines

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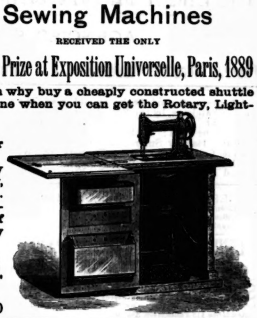

See the No. 9 for all grades of family work, it has no equal for simplicity, durability, and its excellence of design.

Examine ou No. 12 and other manufacturing machines for all kinds of stitched goods by foot or power. They are the best in the world.

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CHEAP CARPETS

EXECUTOR'S SALE

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CONSISTING OF FIRST-CLASS

Carpets, Oilcloths, Linoleums, House Furnishings, Etc.

As this estate must be wound up within a few months Cash Buyers can now secure great bargains. A large and choice assortment of Axminster, Wilton, Brussels and Tapestry Carpets, Chenille, Madras, Swiss and Lace Curtains.

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OF ONTARIO, Limited

CAPITAL, $1,000,000 - INCORPORATED FEB. 27, 1890

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The Company will undertake agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities, give careful attention to management of estates, the collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons and other securities; act as agents for in using or countersigning or rifi-sales of stock, bonds or other obligations. Will receive and invest sinking funds and invest moneys generally, and GUARANTEE SUCH INVESTMENTS.

MONEY TO LOAN AT FAVORABLE RATES

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In amounts from $100 upwards, and for any term of years from five upwards, to investors who can pay for the same in small instalments.

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First-class General and Local Agents wanted throughout the Province. Apply to

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The world-wide, well-known comedian, in the richest-dressed and most laughable comedy, reconstructed by himself, entitled

THE EMIGRANT

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Nights

And the Original Success,

CHRIS AND LENA

Thursday, Friday, Saturday Matinee and Night

Replete with harmonious blending of pretty songs, witty sayings, comical situations and the bright sunshine of music. Supported by a company of acknowledged vocal and comedy ability. Pretty faces! Exquisite toilets! Elegant costumes! Magnificent scenery!

The Most Wonderful Child Actress on the American Stage.

LITTLE IRENE

In All Her Latest Songs

The New York *Herald* says: In the first act Little Irene, in her dance with Ludwig Von Vinkenteinhoumenhl-user, made a cool impression, which lasted through the play. Her song and dance in the third act was unique. Only a child of remarkable talent could act as she does. The little prima donna is pretty and cunning, winning her way to the hearts of every one present.

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To My Patrons and the Public generally:

HAVING received exclusive styles of the very latest designs for Spring and Summer wear we would be pleased to show you the entire line at the very lowest prices consistent with the highest standard.

Sample garments on hand for inspection, showing styles and workmanship, at the Fashionable West End Tailoring Establishment.

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Or one with a Vibrating Shuttle?

Or an Automatic with a Single Thread?

We make them all.

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AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

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Boys' Navy Serge Sailor Suits, $1.
Boys' Navy Serge Sailor Suits, extra fine, sailor knots, etc, $2.
Boys' Navy Serge Sailor Suits, heavy quality, laniard and whistle, $2
Boys' Navy Serge Regulation Sailor Suits, short pants, $3 75.
Boys' Navy Serge Regulation Sailor Suits, long pants, $4.25.
Boys' Worsted Sailor Suits, $7.50.
Blue Black and Brown Velvet Sailor Suits, trimmed, with silk collars, $6.75.
Boys' Kilted Suits, Navy Serge, trimmed with braid, $2. Boys' Kilted Suits, Fancy Tweeds, $3 Boys' Reefer Overcoats, in serge and nap, all sizes in stock, $3.

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Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

REESOR—At Markham, on April 20, Mrs. Robert Reesor—a daughter.
AMES—At Toronto, on April 14, Mrs. A. E. Ames—a daughter.
ARKSEY—At Muskoka, on April 14, Mrs. R. A. Arksey—a daughter.
MARSH—At Muskoka, on April 18, Mrs. P. C. Marsh—a son.
BERKINSHAW—At Toronto, on April 13, Mrs. W. H. Berkinshaw—a daughter.
DUNNING—At Toronto, on April 13, Mrs. C. W. Dunning—a daughter.
JIFKINS—At Toronto, on April 17, Mrs. Wm. L. Jifkins—a son.
ARGO—At Norval, on April 19, Mrs. James Argo—a son.
SMITH—At Toronto, on April 8, Mrs. F. J. Smith—a daughter.
BELL—At Toronto, on April 17, Mrs. Charles H. Bell—a son.

Marriages.

SEGSWORTH—STUTCHBURY—At Galt, Cal., on April 6, Frederick Segsworth to Emily M. Stutchbury.
URQUHART—SMITH—At Ottawa, on April 15, R. Urquhart to Kate Smith.
MACDONNEL—CAMPBELL—At Winnipeg, on April 14, Archibald C. Macdonnel to Maud Mary Campbell.
THORBURN—WILLSON—At San Antonio, Texas, on April 17, J. W. Thorburn to Maude Willson.
WILSON—HUTCHCROFT—At Toronto, on April 22, George M. Wilson to Blanche Hutchcroft.
SANDERS—STROUD—At Toronto, on April 16, Charles Sanders to Mary Priscilla Stroud.

Deaths.

ASH—At Toronto, on April 21, Mrs. Edward Ash.
McCAUL—At Lethbridge, N. W. T., on April 12, second child of C. C. McCaul, aged 7 months.
DEXTER—At Toronto, on April 20, Mrs. Thomas Dexter, aged 67 years.
CREALOCK—At Toronto, on April 19, infant daughter of George and Matilda Crealock.
HUGHES—At Toronto, on April 20, Mrs. James Hughes, sr., aged 50 years.
CRAIG—At Toronto, on April 19, Mrs. Mary Craig, aged 67 years.
McLEAN—At Toronto, on April 20, Mary McLean, aged 63 years.
O'HARA—At Toronto, on April 20, Patrick O'Hara, aged 44 years.
BALL—At Chicago, Ill., on April 15, Mrs. Francis R. Ball, aged 42 years.
MATTHEWS—At Toronto, on April 22, infant son of Robert and Mary Matthews.
STANBURY—At Toronto, on April 20, youngest son of C. E. and Amanda Stanbury.
DILL—At Toronto, on April 20, infant son of Charles A. and Nettie Dill.
MONTGOMERY—On April 20, Geraldine Foxbrooke, daughter of Edward and Fannie Montgomery, aged 5 years.
SNIDER—At Eglington, on April 18, Mrs. Fanny Snider.
LONG—At Lansing, on April 21, Mrs. Elizabeth Long, aged 54 years.
CLAPP—At Toronto, on April 22, Dr. J. C. Clapp, aged 6 years.
DAVIES—At New York, on April 22, Samuel Davies.
BOOTH—At Vancouver, B. J., on April 10, Isabel Booth, aged 47 years.
RAYNOR—At Toronto, on April 19, William John Raynor, aged 37 years.
PHELPS—At Merriton, on April 12, Howard W. Phelps, aged 25 years.
SMITH—At Toronto, on April 22, youngest son of Turnbull and Agnes Smith, aged 1 year.
COOK—On April 21, Susannah Cook, aged 88 years.
BOYS—On April 21, Rev. Alexa der Boys, M.A., Professor of Classics in Trinity University, aged 43 years.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
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Has been decided and we have awarded

"TONY" the "PANTS"

for the following:

A "GOOSE" POEM.

I'm "coat"-ed round with iron, but with charcoal as my heart,
No matter how in "vest"-ed I'm bound to feel a smart,
Though nearly stifled by the heat, my "pants" I oft re-"press,"
(Re-pressing "seems" to "suit" me, I candidly confess),
But I will never grumble, though handled fast and loose,
If it is by an "Art Tailor," for I'm a "Tailor's Goose."

TONY.

TAYLOR & CO.
Art Tailors - - 89 Yonge St.

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Not our customers, but that man's shoes. However, it is not repairing shoes, which we can do in first-class style, that we want to tell you about. It is our choice selection of Ladies' and Gentlemen's fine foot wear for spring and summer use. Also the many nice styles we have for Girls and Boys, and our large assortment of colored shoes for everyone. Call on us at 256 Yonge Street.

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Have an Established Reputation
Among Artists and Amateurs
For Richness and Durability of Tone,
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Housekeepers, do not fail to avail yourselves of the many extraordinary bargains offered in our Carpet and House Furnishing Department. Prices for raw materials are advancing. Purchase now, it will pay you.

R. Simpson's Tapestrys are the best for wear. Prices 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c. and 60c. per yard.

R. Simpson's mellow-colored, wear-resisting Brussel's Carpets are offered at 80c., 85c., 90c., 95c. and $1 per yard. Borders for hall and stairs to match.

R. Simpson's immensely popular Wilton Carpets, in new tints and rich Eastern designs, at $1.20, $1.50, $1.75 and $2. Borders for hall and stairs to match.

Brass Trimmings, Poles, Window Shades, Mats, Squares, Mattings, Iron Bedsteads, Mattrasses, Pillows, Carpet Sweepers, &c., at low prices.

Over 5,000 pairs of Nottingham, Brussels and Swiss Lace Curtains in stock, this season's goods. Prices range from 45c. to $2 per pair.

Several tons of Linoleums and Floor Oilcloths, conspicuous for their varied and original styles and low prices, at

R. SIMPSON, S. W. cor. Yonge & Queen

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Stylish Millinery, Veilings in great variety, Ribbons in all the new shades, Feathers, Flowers and Fancy Goods.

Early inspection invited.

Mourning a specialty

Easy and Other Chairs

Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture

These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty, both in design, quality of material and richness of color.

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Ladies' made-up costumes and wrappers always in stock.
Dressmaking a specialty.

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Perfect in the essentials of TONE TOUCH HARMONY and
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